NUMBER 4 • $8.50 • BY AND FOR "LOVE BONDAGERS" ONLY

LOVE BONDAGE

AND BALLGAGS!



LOVE BONDAGE

Number 4

LOVE BONDAGE Number 4, May 1992 (1127-L)

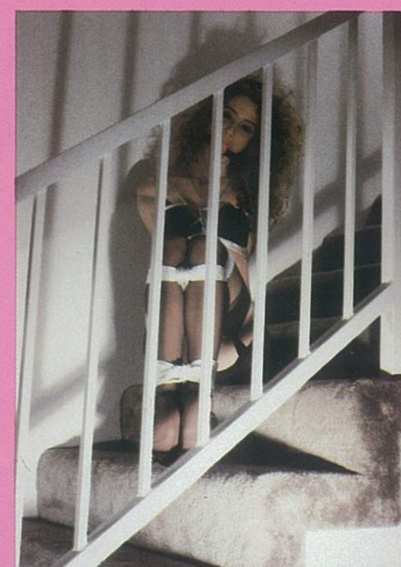
is produced as an adult entertainment. It is a quarterly publication of Harmony Concepts and distributed by Lyndon Distributors Limited, 15756 Arminta Street, Van Nuys, California 91406.

HARMONY CONCEPTS — CELEBRATING THE PSYCHOLOGICAL POWER OF THE BOUND BEAUTY WHOSE "LOVE BONDAGE" IS AS MUCH FOR HER PLEASURE AS OURS!

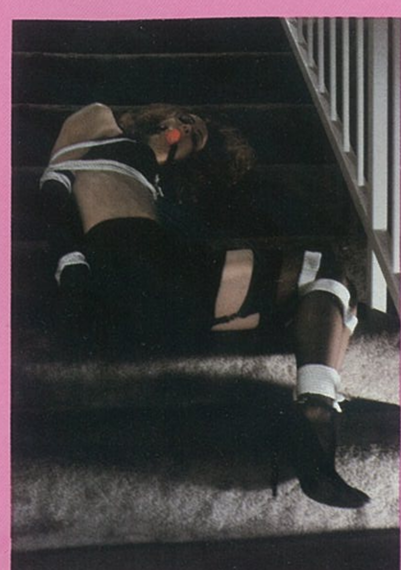


Alexandra Scott













GREAT SCOTT!

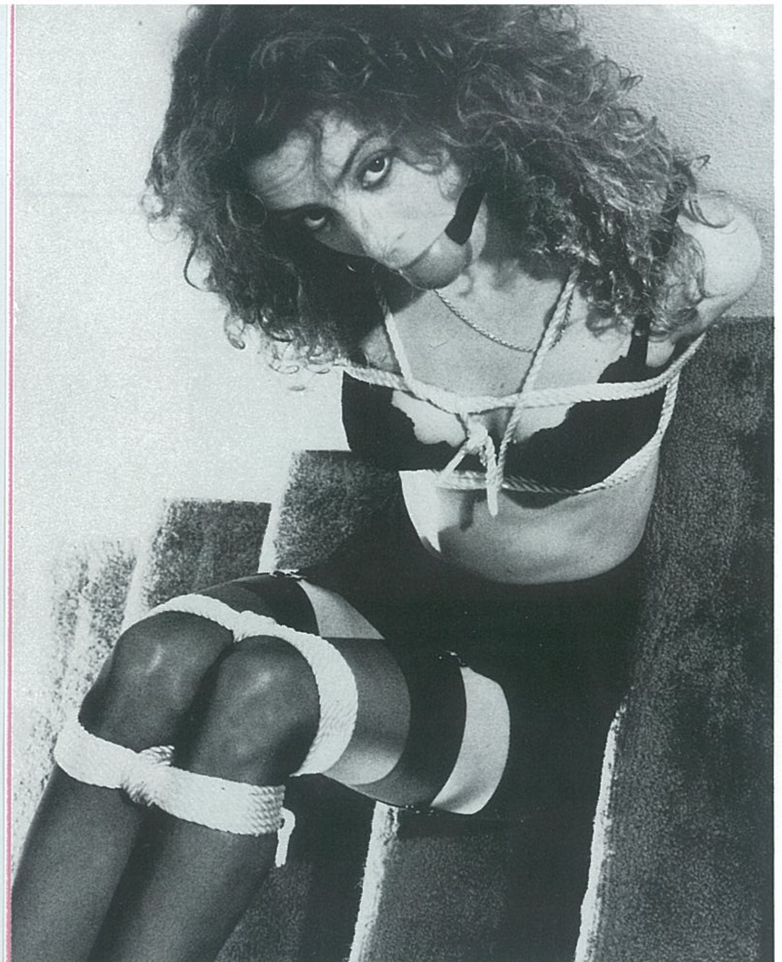
Harmony photographer Chelsea Pfeiffer recreates the classic Klaw look with lithe Alexandra Scott.



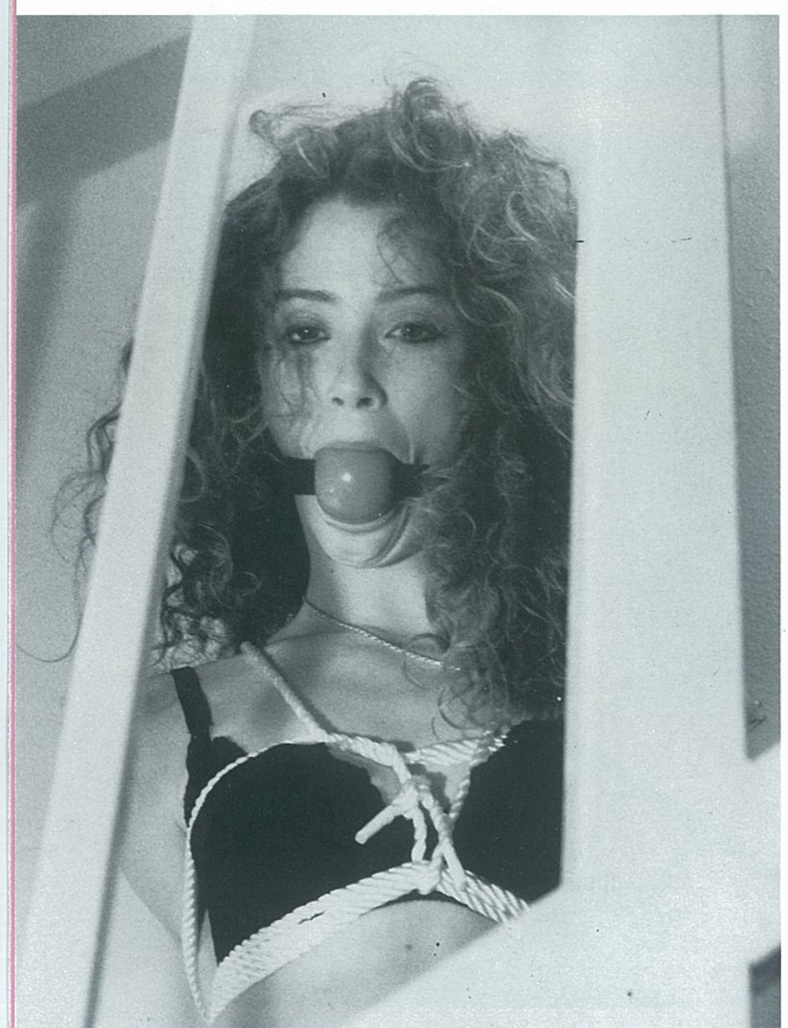










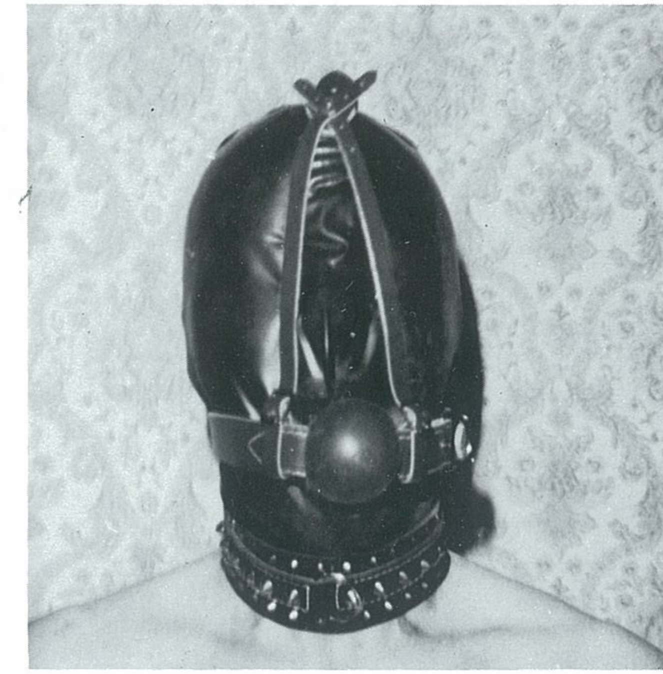




THIS ISSUE'S THEME: BALLGAGGED BONDAGETTES!



DIANNE DARLING
Muted by Lex Paris.

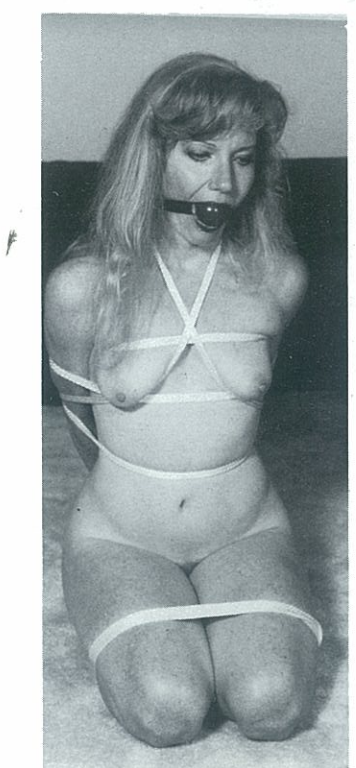


MRS. K.C. OF ENGLAND
Muffled by Mr. K.C.



POST-TIED: PATTY OF MISSOURI

"I am more submissive than dominant, but I play the dominant role when my boyfriend Bob/'Roberta' is bound and gagged. Bondage is a part of loving, being loved, making love. It's certainly better that we are honest with each other than live alone with our fantasies unfulfilled."



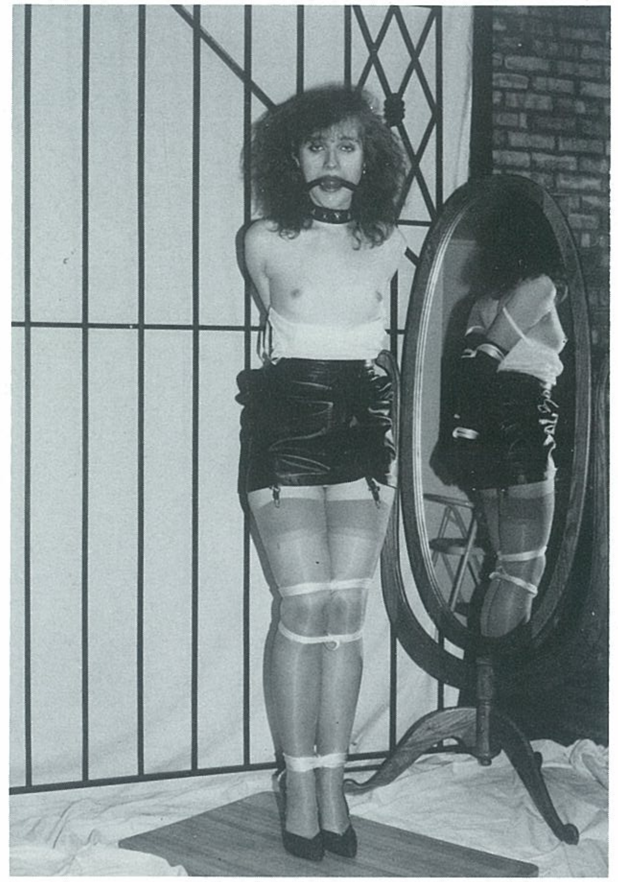


MID-WESTERNER MARY
Mmmmfd by pal Phil.

TAMMY AUSTIN

Photo'd by A.H. in Illinois.















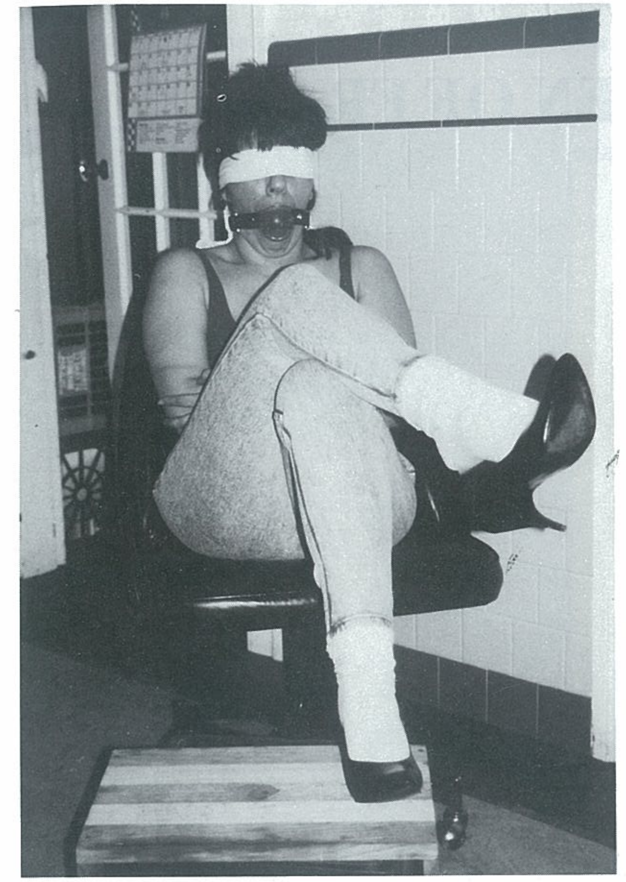
SINGLEGLOVE & BALLGAG

Photos from Kay & J.K.D. in Maine.









TERRI OF BOSTON ENMASKED WITH HOSE











A FAIR MAIDEN OF FRANCE

Mme. T. is pretending she's a damsel in distress...

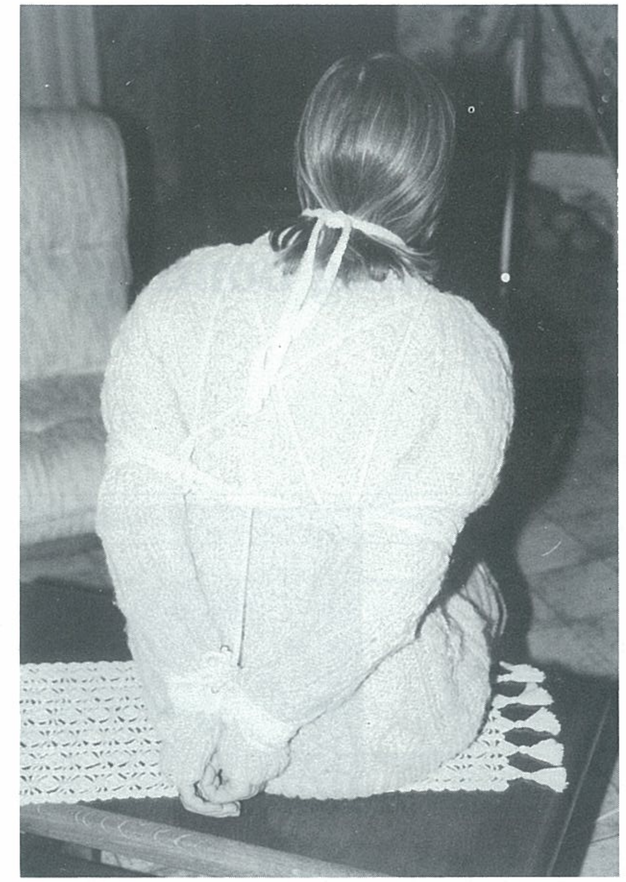








...But, as usual, she drops her role-playing for a moment to flash a smile at Harmony readers.



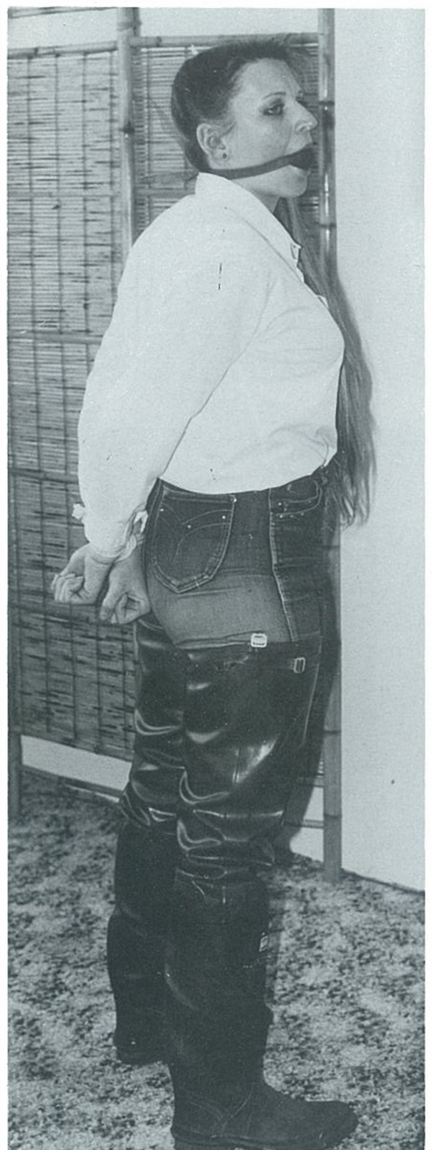


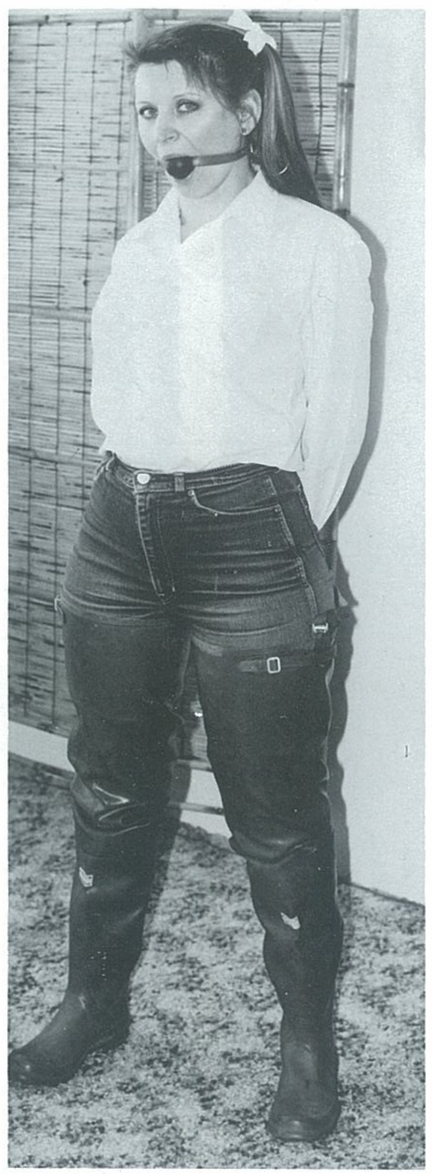


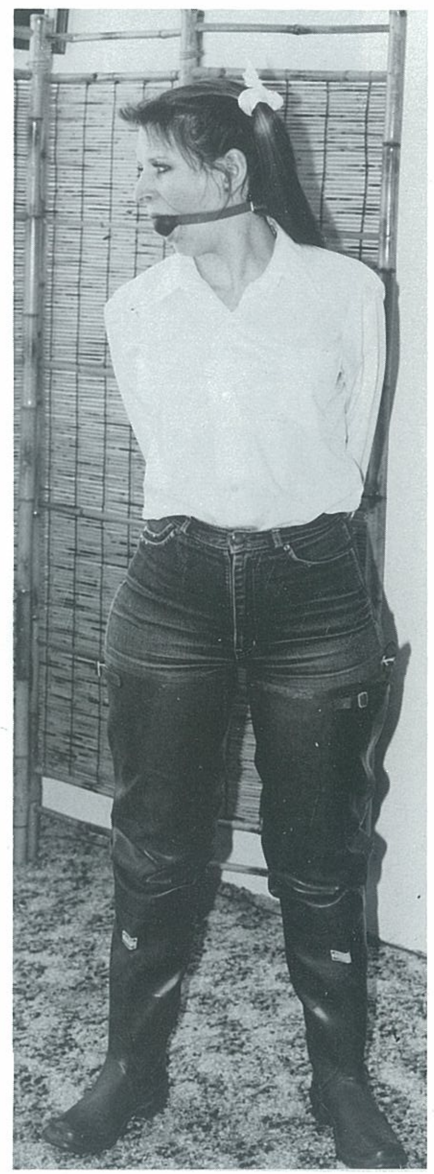


FROM BALL TO BOOTS...

Sarah Foster Tate is a breathtaking bondagette.









R.W. Booy

The Harmony Philosophy

What is most discouraging to us about this business are the prevailing social misconceptions concerning bondage, at least the benevolent, romantic type of bondage that we produce. For the unenlightened, what we represent and advocate really needs to be clarified. In that spirit, the following general explantion is at least a start.

It has never been nor will it ever be our purpose to depict women as mere subordinates to men. These pictures and articles are not about that. The materials we produce are carefully and, we think, obviously designed for men and women to whom bondage is an important *mutual* diversion, a recreational and benevolent experience, a fantasy with a happy ending, a good-natured game in which everybody wins.

It is not the pleasure of our patrons nor our intention to offend or demean or abuse or exploit or disadvantage, be aggressive against, or cause even the slightest pain to our models, or to suggest that such is occurring to the ladies they are portraying. We do not characterize victims; we characterize *lovers* who are mutually involved in a complex and bizarre, but highly stimulating personal activity. The taste we reflect is *mutually* exciting and pleasurable — the bondage can be for the sake of sexual teasing or foreplay; or the acting out of a benign rescue fantasy with slightly juvenile undertones; or just the sweet and secret, simple sharing of a very special physical intimacy between caring persons. Whichever of these it is, we have characterized it on our pages as "Love Bondage."

While we cannot police the motives and psyches of our customers, we can and do shape our materials for completely benevolent natures only — either the adult who was imprinted during adolescence by the thrilling and heroic adventure story rescue of a bound and gagged and ultimately loving female, or the male or female adult whose basic nature identifies with the female in bondage and craves to personally experience those same offbeat sensations for either deeply psychological reasons, or, to state this in the simplest possible terms, *because it actually feels good,* safe and comforting even. He or she is wrapped up tightly and snugly, there is a feeling of being protected, and the rope becomes surrogate for a protective lover's arms. It is to please and satisfy those two natures, and they alone, that we create these visual fantasies.

Conversely, those persons in search of darker, less pleasant bondage themes must look elsewhere, for there is really nothing for them here. Our materials are just not for people who enjoy scenes of human mistreatment. If such people do show up on our mailing list from time to time, they certainly have no reason to linger, since what they are seeking is probably the exact spiritual opposite of what we have to offer.

Good drama does not exist without conflict, and there will necessarily be the blending of bondage with actual danger in some of the text fiction that we publish. But these situations will be so obviously far-fetched or tongue-in-cheek that they are clearly not to be taken any more seriously than a comparable paperback tale or television episode containing the same elements. But in all of the photos that we present, be they from contributors or our own associates, the woman is there willingly, even gladly, and for her own reasons. Were she not, we would not publish the picture.

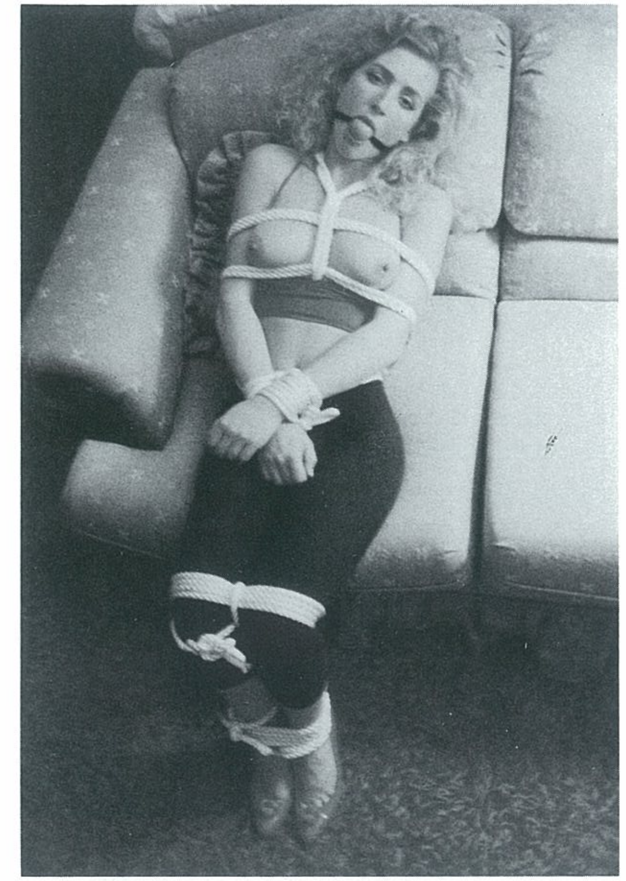
Therefore, the bondage that is dramatized here is an essentially gentle act used by lovers to intensify their physical and spiritual closeness. She gets to belong utterly to someone she loves, and to be adored for what he perceives as the prettiness of her dependency on him. She has surrendered for him that part of her independence she *doesn't* want. They are fortune-blessed soulmates, theirs is completely a mutual act of trust, love, appreciation of themselves and each other. And the readers who look on perceive her bondage as physically and spiritually pleasing to her — she knows that it has more to do with being wanted than abused. Were that not the case, we would ourselves be offended.

Our bondage has absolutely nothing to do with demeaning anyone. It is totally and utterly a bilateral activity, and, were it not, we wouldn't have anything to do with it.

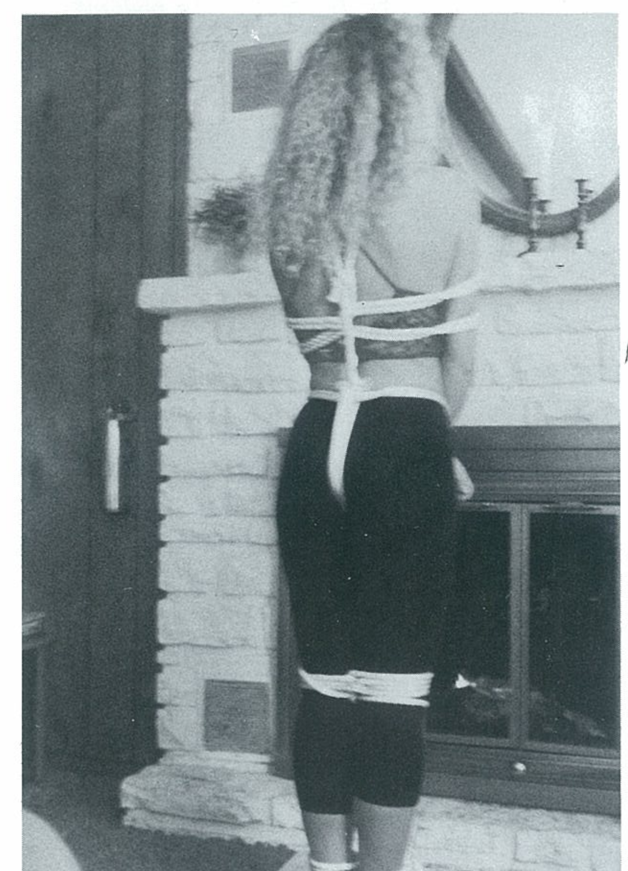
HARMONY CONCEPTS

WONDERFUL WILLOW

Photographed by her friend Rick.



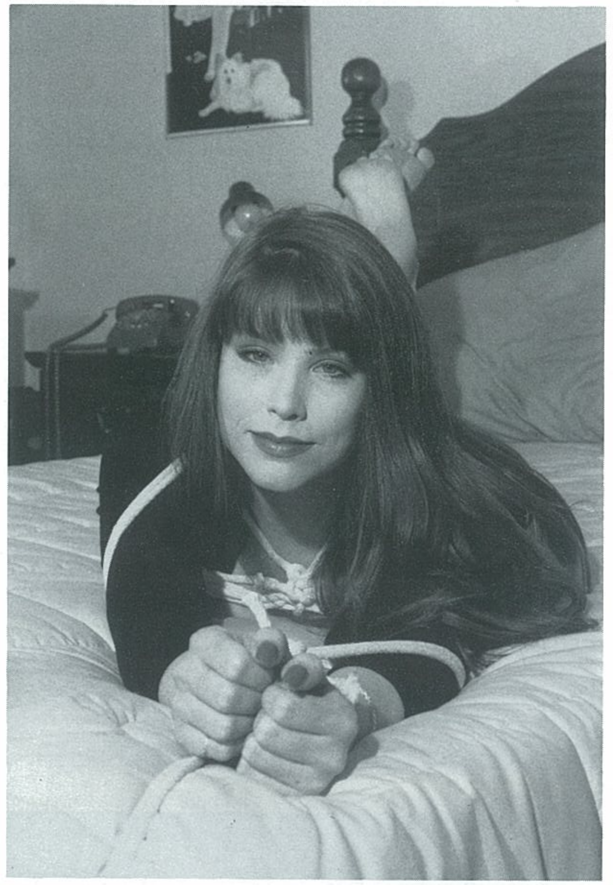






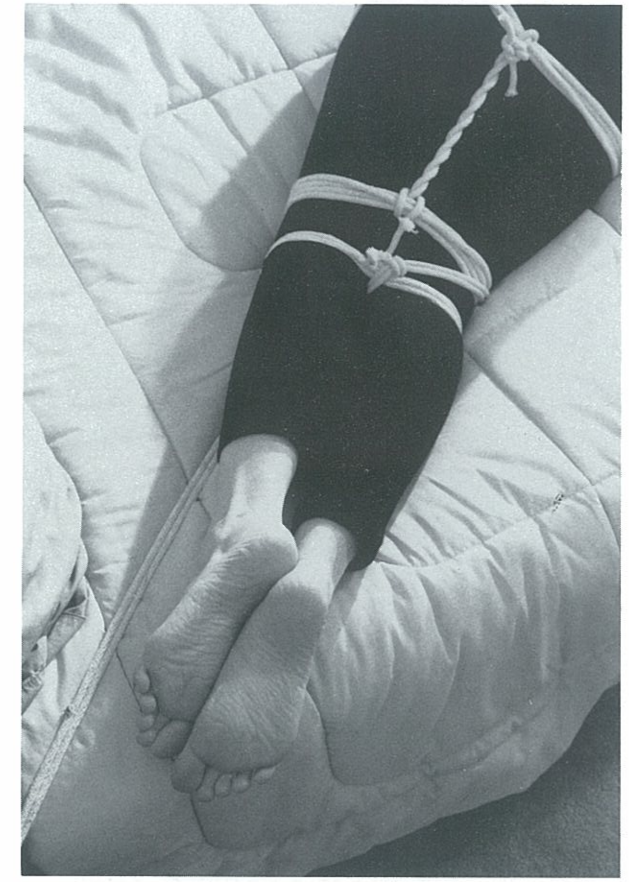
DARLA CRANE

Beautiful with or without a ballgag.



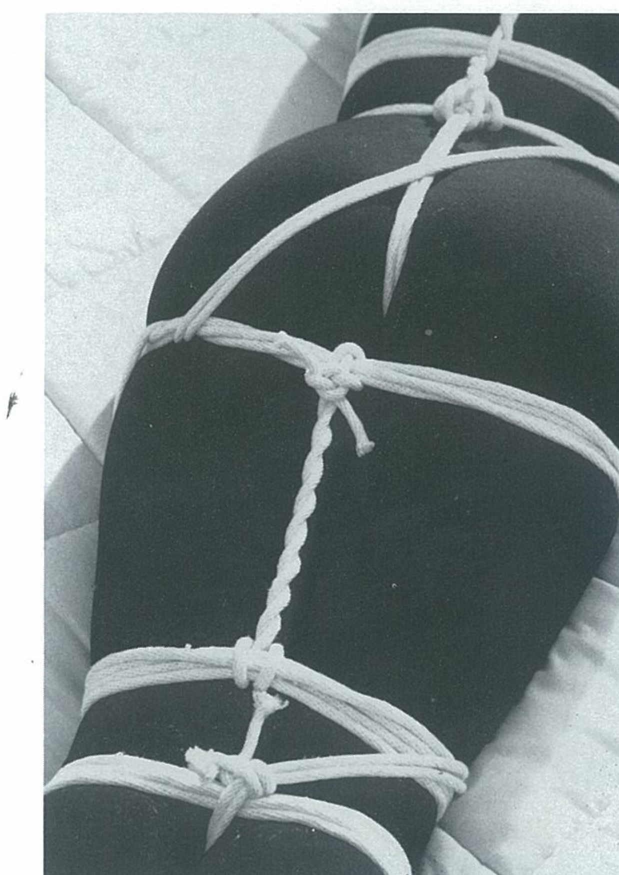




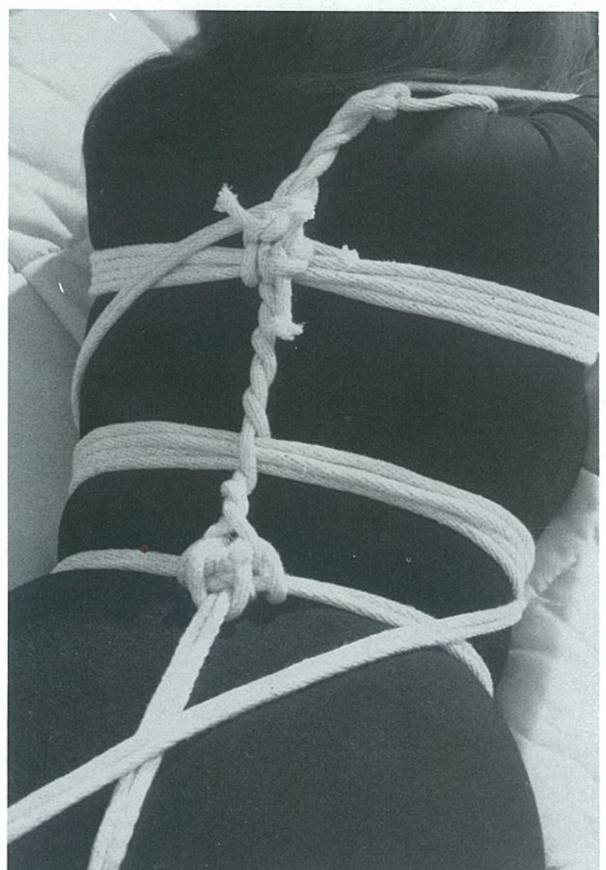


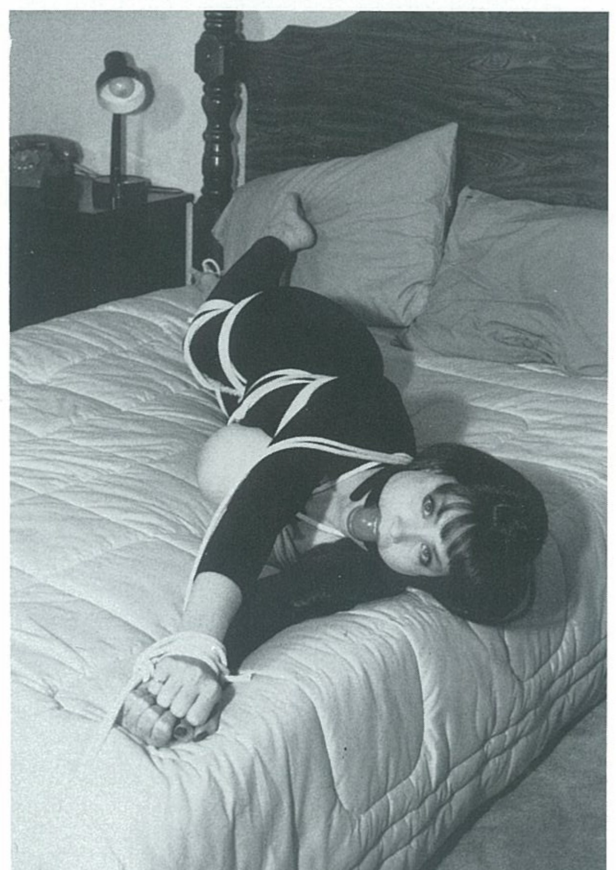












Photos by Kristine Imboch.











LACED & HARNESSED

Longtime Harmony favorite Tanya Fox -- Photographed by M.K. Hughes.





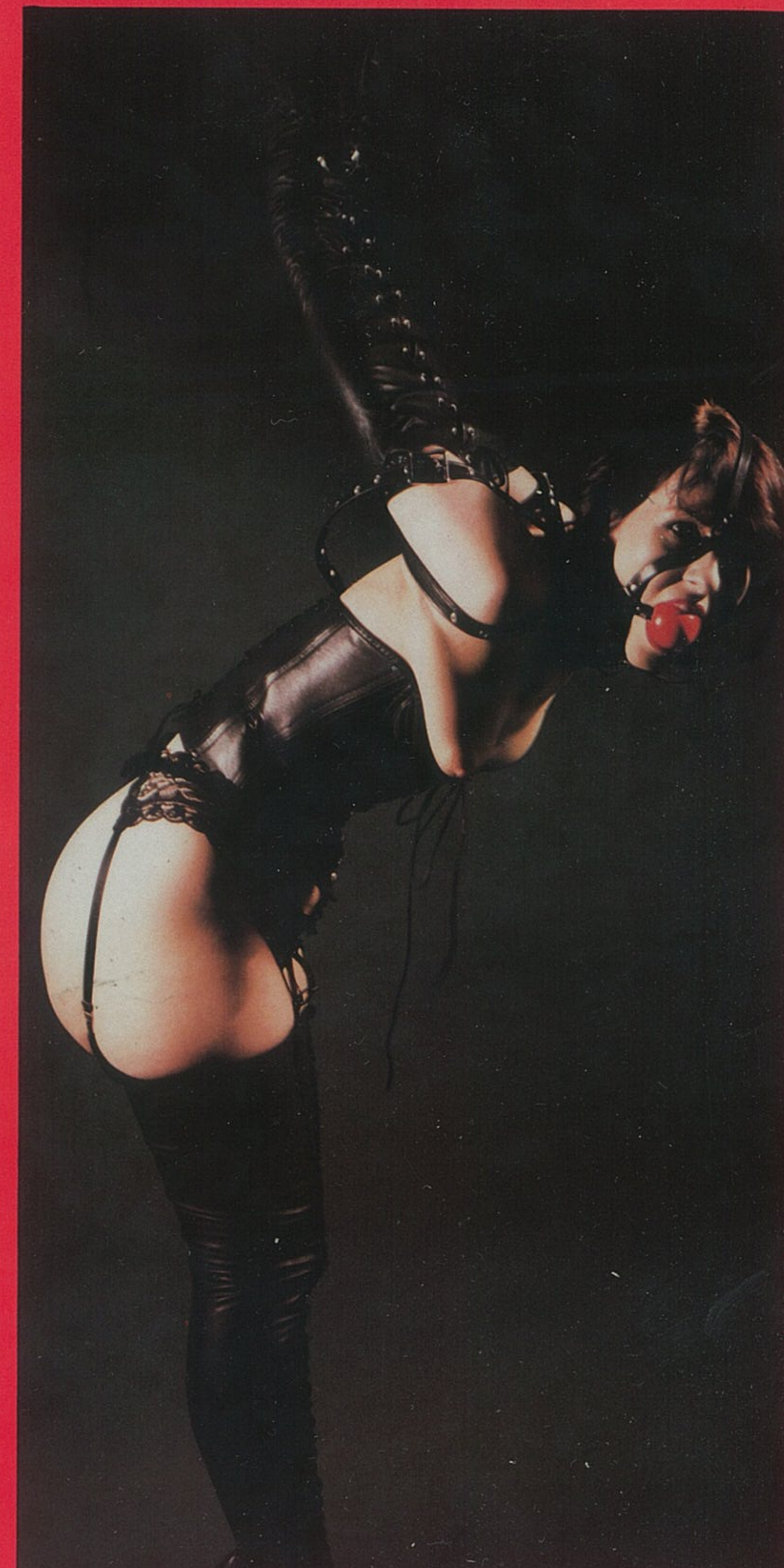














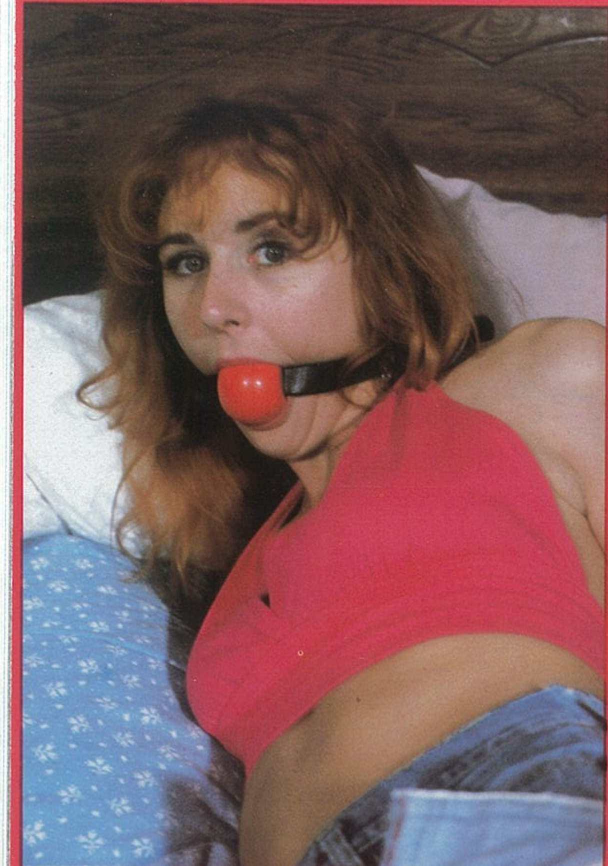










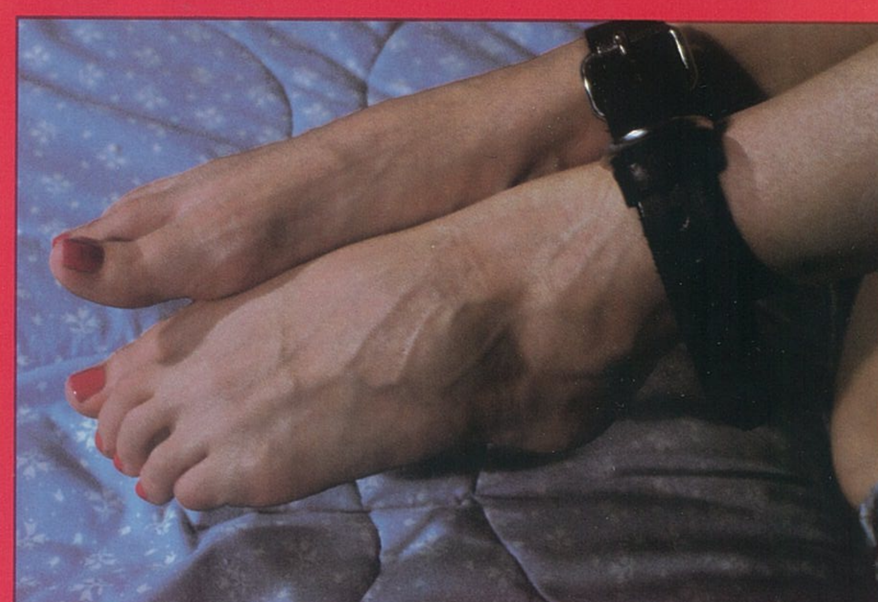


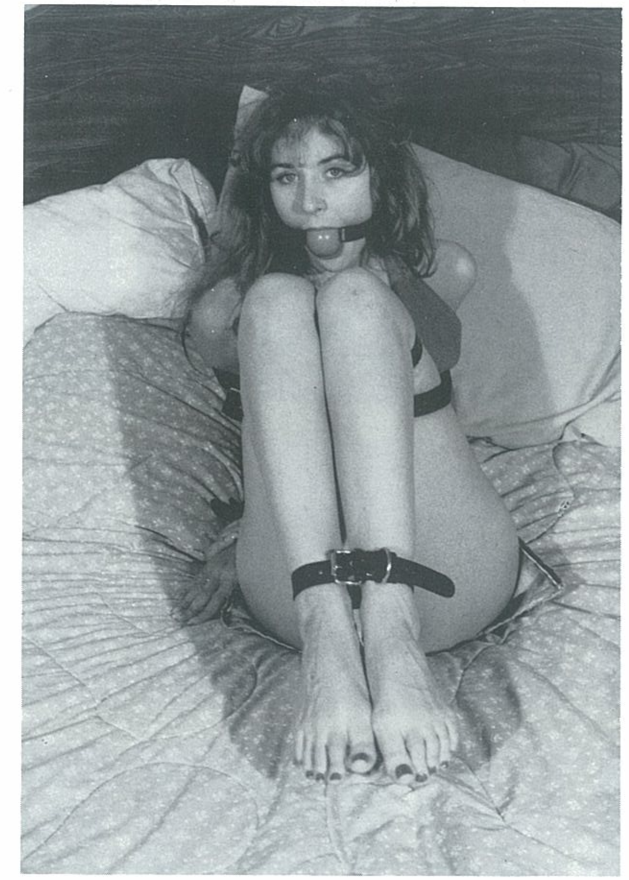


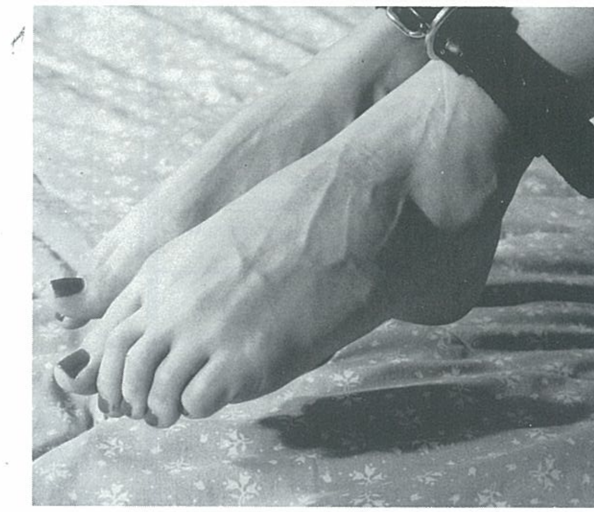


BELT-BOUND
Sweet
Star
Chandler
photo'd by
Eric Holman.











HARMONY ORDER FORM

"I am not currently on your mailing list.
"I hereby certify that I am at least 21 years old. I also certify that I am aware that you are sending me adult material, which is for my own individual use, and will not be resold, copied, or in any way distributed, including to minors."

SIGNATURE ____________

POSTAGE, PACKAGING & HANDLING: Any order including a video is postage-free. Magazines: U.S. & Canadian add $3.00 to order. Foreign orders add $3.50 for each magazine.

A) I have enclosed $ ____________
as payment in full.
B) Charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD account number.

CARDHOLDER NAME (PRINT) ____________

ACCOUNT # ____________

EXPIRATION DATE ____________

SIGNATURE ____________

SEND ME THE FOLLOWING ITEMS:

List I.D. Letters/Numbers — Price

____

TOTAL ORDER ____________

CALIFORNIA ORDERS ADD 8.25% SALES TAX ____________

SUB-TOTAL ____________

POSTAGE & HANDLING ____________

TOTAL ____________

FIRST CLASS MAIL

FROM:

HARMONY
P.O. Box 69976
Los Angeles, California 90069
USA

TO:

____

SHIPPING LABEL DO NOT DETACH

LOVE BONDAGE VIDEOS FROM HARMONY!

Artistic, aesthetic...
Harmony videos redefine bondage!

If you like Harmony magazines you'll love our bondage videos. Harmony videos are not available in stores — they're sold by mail-order only. That's why we can sell them at such great prices! When you become a Harmony customer, you'll be kept up-to-date on all new Harmony magazines and videos. Our mailing list is exclusive and all mailings are discreet.
If you want to join Harmony's mailing list, but don't want to purchase anything today, simply sign the top of the order form, write your name and address at " ottom, and mail it in!

Choose your fetish favorites! Harmony videos are identified with letters that explain what each subject focus is. In this ad we've headlined some of our categories with an example video from each.





"BF" — BAREFOOT BONDAGE DRAMAS
BF-27 "THE STEEL BUTTERFLY'S LAST CAPER" $35 VHS, $40 PAL-VHS, 45 minutes, 6 bondages. Teri Rose and Diane Lacey are in jeopardy at the hands of the Steel Butterfly! Her experiment has backfired, now she is a gray-haired old woman. She needs an anti-aging serum, and she'll do anything to get it including binding, gagging, and tickling, the fair ladies' soft feet!




"C" — CHELSEA PFEIFFER'S ADVENTURES
C-11 "CHELSEA'S BONDAGE WEIGHT-LOSS CLINIC" $35 VHS, $40 PAL-VHS, 45 minutes, 5 bondages. Lira Ross has decided to visit a weight-loss clinic in order to lose a few unwanted inches. Under Chelsea's own special brand of domination Lira is put through test after bondage test in the name of weight control!



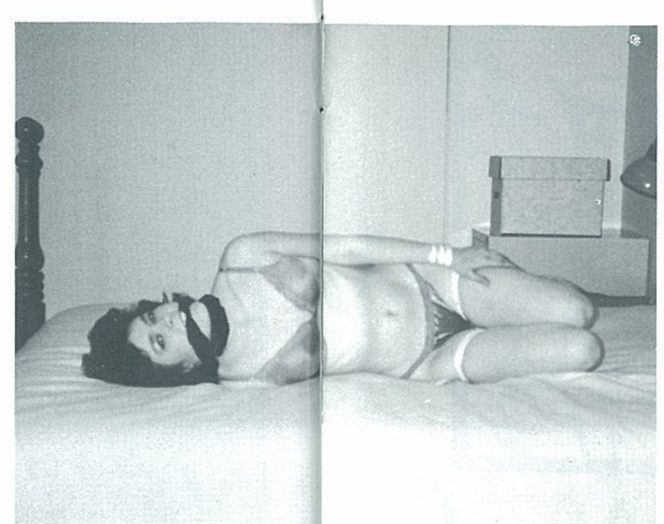


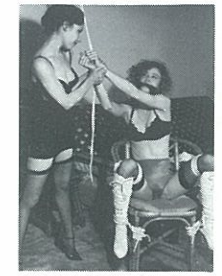
"HH" — HIGH HEEL STORIES
HH-6 "SHADOWS" $35 VHS, $40 PAL-VHS, 50 minutes, 5 bondages. Teri Rose is jumped and tied five times by a mysterious female stranger. Teri doesn't take it lying down, so to speak, instead she is a real spit-fire of a Damsel-in-Distress. The action packed wrestle and tie sequences in this video are exciting!




"MB" — MALE BONDAGE VIDEOS
MB-1 "THE MAKING OF CHRISTINA" $35 VHS, $40 PAL-VHS, 60 minutes, 4 bondages. Doug Fulton is transformed into "Christina," and becomes a bondagette for Sharon Kane. She ties him up, then makes up his face and adds a wig. Next he is dressed in black, lacey, strictly feminine lingerie, then bound. He spends the afternoon acting as a bondage maid for Sharon and her friend.

"B" — PERSONAL/AMATEUR
B-128 "I'M TIED...AND I CAN'T GET LOOSE!' $60 VHS, $65 PAL-VHS, 90 minutes, 10 bondages. Kathryn of Michigan achieves the perfect blend of sensual allure and high-spirited fun in this breakthrough video made with the help of bondager friend David. Restraints include: red plastic-wrap, leather harness, duct tape, blue plastic-wrap, ropes and cuffs. The variety of outfits Kathryn shares with us are sexy and interesting!



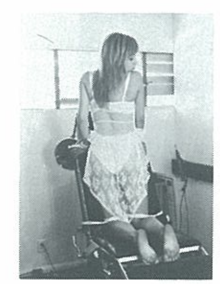
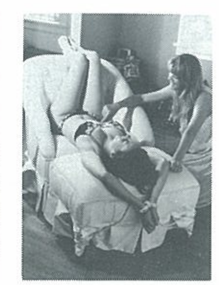

"HR" — HARMONY REVIVAL CLASSICS
HR-6 "BONDAGE GAMES" $35 VHS, $40 PAL-VHS, 45 minutes, 6 bondages. Sheena Loveland and Alexandra Scott take turns tying and dominating each other in the spirit of the old Irving Klaw films. The ladies wear old-fashioned style lingerie, like open-bottomed girdles, long-line bras, waist-high panties, seamed stockings, and corsets!




"SD" — MISTRESS SIMONE DEVON
SD-24 "DOMINANCE DESIRED" $35 VHS, $40 PAL-VHS, 60 minutes, 8 bondages. This two-part video begins with Noelle Nielson "taking charge" over Doris Westbourne and placing her in several bondages. The second part entitled "SHARON'S CORSETED OBEDIENCE" features Noelle practicing her dominance on Sharon Beacon.



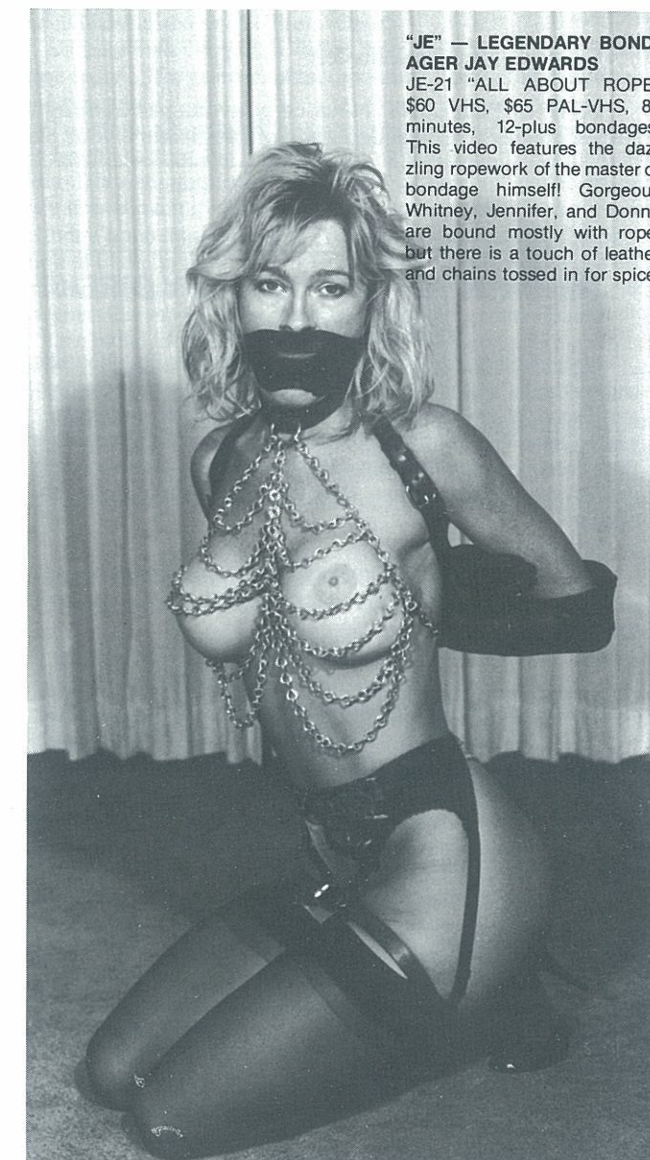

"MP" — MODEL PROFILE INTERVIEWS
MP-16 "BEWITCHING BONDAGETTE" $30 VHS, $35 PAL-VHS, 40 minutes, 5 bondages. Beautiful Rachel Wells in her own favorite sexy outfits, struggles her way through bondages designed especially for her. She shares her feelings about bondage, likes and dislikes. She gives an honest interview; you'll feel that you know her just a little better!

"TK" — TICKLING SERIES
TK-2 "DOUBLE TICKLE FEATURE" $35 VHS, $40 PAL-VHS, 60 minutes, 8 bondages. Part One: Petite Christine Taylor is tied and tickled in a doctors office. Part Two: Noelle Neilson and Doris Westbourne explore the world of tickling in bondage. They tickle each other silly in four bondage scenes.

"BG" — BUYER'S GUIDE
BG-90: ***ANNUAL HARMONY VIDEO COMPILATION***
$25 American VHS, $30 European PAL-VHS; 90 minutes, 700+ bondage *outtakes* from all Harmony videos released in 1990. With the help of this fast-paced bondage extravaganza, see for yourself what Harmony has to offer. *(This compilation is made post-production, so visual quality is not quite as clear as each actual video.)*

VIDEOS AVAILABLE IN AMERICAN VHS OR EUROPEAN PAL-VHS — FULL COLOR — LIVE SOUND — WE PAY VIDEO POSTAGE COSTS!



"JE" — LEGENDARY BONDAGER JAY EDWARDS
JE-21 "ALL ABOUT ROPE" $60 VHS, $65 PAL-VHS, 80 minutes, 12-plus bondages. This video features the dazzling ropework of the master of bondage himself! Gorgeous Whitney, Jennifer, and Donna are bound mostly with rope, but there is a touch of leather and chains tossed in for spice!

METTEZ VOUS-MEME EN RAPPORTS AVEC HARMONY!

Remplez le coupon dessous et le renvoyez a nous. Nous vous placerons immediatement sur notre liste postale pour ene periode d'essai de trois mois. Chaque mois, vous recevrez plusieurs bulletins genereusement illustres avec photos de nos revues et videos. Vous resterez sur notre liste tant que vous achetez au moins deux revues ou une video chaque trois mois.

Harmony-

Ajoutez-moi a votre postale, s'il vous plait. J'affirme que j'ai du moins 21 ans et ju sais que je demande matiere de la nature sexuelle.

____

(Ecrivez Votre Nom Ici)

____

(Ecrivez Votre Addresse Ici)

____

(Ecrivez Votre Ville, Pays, et Autre Codes Numeriques Ici)

____

(Ecrivez Votre Signature Ici)

NOTE IMPORTANT: Nous ne pouvous pas traduire vos lettres, ainsi ecrivez vos demandes en anglais, s'il vous plait!

METTETEVI IN CONTRATTO DIRETTO CON LA HARMONY!

COMPILATE IL MODULO RIPRODOTTO IN QUESTO ANNUNCIO, E RISPEDITELO ALLA HARMONY: SARETE IMMEDIATAMENTE INCLUSI NEL NOSTRO SCHEDARIO PER UN PERIODO DI PROVA DI TRE MESI!

POTRETE RICEVERE OGNI MESE DIVERSI CATALOGHI DI VIDEOCASETTE E RIVISTE DI BONDAGE, TUTTI AMPIAMENTE ILLUSTRATI, E RIMARRETE NELLA NOSTRA LISTA FINO A QUANDO ACQUISTERETE ALMENO DUE RIVISTE OD UN VIDEO OGNI TRE MESI.

SPETT. HARMONY,

VI PREGO DI INCLUDERMI NEL VOSTRO INDIRIZZARIO. DICHIARO DE AVERE ALMENO 21 ANNI, E DI ESSERE A CONCSCENZA CHE IL MATERIALE DA ME ORDINATO ATTIENE ALLA SFERA SESSUALE.

____

(Nome in stampatello)

____

(Indirizzo in stampatello)

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(Citta, nazione e codice postale in stampatello)

____

(Firma leggibile)

(NOTA BENE: VI PREGHIAMO DI RIVOLGERCI EVENTUALI DOMANDE O COMUNICAZIONI SOLAMENTE IN INGLESE, IN QUANTO NON ABBIAMO LA POSSIBLITA' DI AVVALERCI DI TRADUTTORI)

NEHMEN SIE MIT HARMONY DIREKT VERBINDUNG AUF!

Fuellen Sie bitte das in dieser Anzeige abgedruckte Bestellformular aus und senden es an uns zurueck. Wir werden Sie dann unverzueglich fuer eine Probezeit von drei Monaten in unsere Postliste aufnehmen. Sie werden jeden Monat etliche reich illustrierte Bondage Magazine und Video-Broschueren erhalten. Ihr Name bleibt auf unserer Liste, solange Sie alle drei Monate mindestens zwei Magazine oder einen Videofilm bei uns beziehen.

Sehr geehrte HARMONY,

Bitte nehmen Sie mich in Ihre Postliste auf. Ich bestaetige hiermit, dass ich mindistens 21 Jahre alt bin und sexual-orientiertes Material von Ihnen verlange.

____

Vorname - Nachname (in Druckschrift)

____

Strasse, Hausnummer (in Druckschrift)

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Postleitzahl, Wohnort (in Druckschrift)

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Land (in Druckshrift)

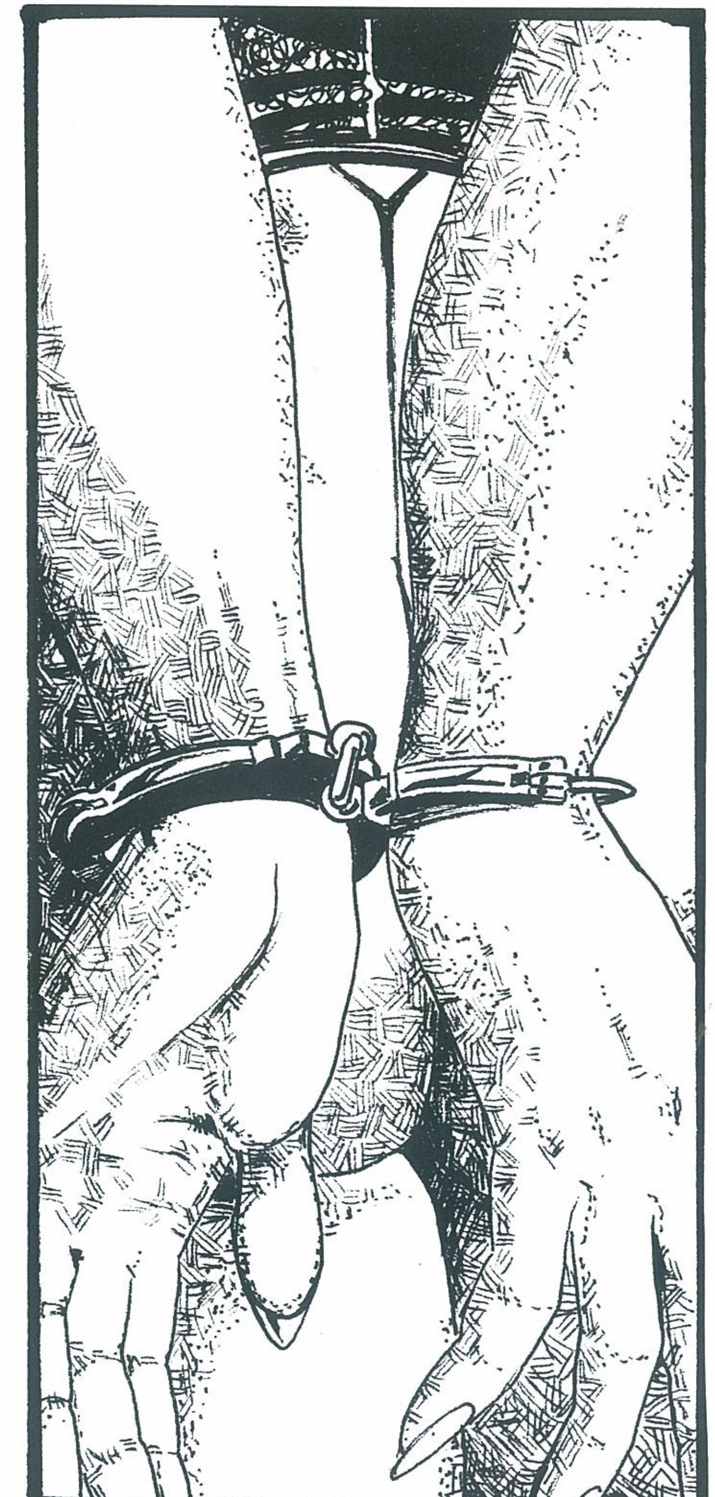
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Unterschrift

Wichtig: Bitte machen Sie alle Ihre Anfragen in englischer Sprache, da wir ueber keine Uebersetzer verfuegen.



Bound AMBITION



By Adrian Hunter

Illustrated by Coco

Another Saturday night in La-la-land.

By some fluke, I had managed to find out the location of this week's super-secret floating nightclub, a three-month phenomenon called Hari Scari where the rich and terminally trendy residents of Hollywood gathered in some half-finished parking garage to drink $10 drinks and pretend to be worried about the cops. Where the hip meet to get ripped.

I usually hate this kind of behavior, but I didn't want to disappoint my friend who had done the actual legwork to wrangle the invite, and at least I could say I'd been. Once.

So there I was, sipping a watery beer (only $7), my friend long since departed for greener contact and can-I-use-you-as-a-reference new best pals.

The music all sounded the same... big drums, bigger bass lines, too much chanting and no melody... but that didn't keep the dance floor from resembling a snake pit, dozens of under-dressed wannabes and actor/waiters writhing in apparent bliss. I'm not much on today's pop music, being old enough to remember Elvis and not think of Costello first. Still, it was great fun, and more than a little exciting, to watch the glamour kids strut their stuff, contorting into positions that made "Dirty Dancing" look like a waltz lesson.

One blond in particular was gyrating like crazy, carving out her own real estate on the dance floor as she kicked and twirled in perfect time to the beat.

Men drifted in and out as her partner, but she ignored her would-be suitors, performing only for herself. She was wearing a white-lace bustier, torn jeans, sneakers and sunglasses. Nothing special, but captivating in its simplicity and who-needs-props bravado.

This is one confident woman, I thought. I'll bet she's a handful. Not that I wouldn't mind finding out, I laughed.

She must have seen me smile, because a minute later, she was standing next to me, mascara dripping and mouth complaining about the heat, the useless drinks, the lack of interesting men, and how uncomfortable her chest was in her corset.

I tried my best to be attentive, but I couldn't help being utterly charmed by her boisterous spirit. What did I do right?

Suddenly, she was pulling my arm, insisting I accompany her to her car so she could get more cigarettes. I glanced around for my friend, shrugged when I didn't see him, and offered my elbow to Blondie as we stepped lively through the crowd.

People stared at us as if we were royalty. Maybe she's a famous model, I decided as she dragged me through the throng.

When we reached the curb, she pulled a whistle from the hip pocket of her jeans and blasted three short tweets.

In seconds, a long white limousine pulled up to us, the back door opening as if controlled by her brainwaves. "Get in," she ordered. "We need a real drink. James, let's go home."

Too much, I thought. Hollywood at its weirdest. And I didn't even know her name.

She looked slightly stunned when I asked her, as if I was

supposed to recognize every self-possessed theatre major in Los Angeles. "You can call me Lucille. And you are... "

I paused for a second. "Call me Ishmael," I said with a grin.

"Ishmael? Are you a rabbi? Or just a big Warren Beatty fan?"

"That was *Ishtar.* "

"Yeah, yeah, you're right. I should know..."

She absently played with the huge silver crucifix that hung between her breasts.

"Anyway, like, what were you doing at Hari Scari? You don't look like you play bass for a heavy metal band, and I'm sure you're not an actor or a screenwriter or even a go-for on the set of a soap opera."

"How do you know I'm not the head of Warner Brothers?" I asked indignantly.

"Because he would know better than to get into my limo at two a.m. on a Saturday night. You really don't know who I am?"

"You're a very attractive woman who must be doing something right to be able to afford a trained car."

"Quite right."

She wrestled with a bottle of champagne, bending forward to leave very little to my now-activated imagination. As she poured our drinks, she started a running commentary about the weather, the people she saw on the street, and her "crummy" schedule that never left her any time to have any fun on her own.

She pressed a button on her armrest and smoked glass rose to seal off the passenger compartment from the driver.

"My boyfriend, he's a great guy and all," she whispered conspiratorially, "but he's kinda dull when it comes to thrills. I like to dance, and I like to pretend I'm someone else. Fantasy... it's a great release."

She took a big gulp of bubbly.

"Do you like to play games?"

"Sure," I replied. "World-class Twister grand master at your service."

Heck, it was worth a try.

"Of course, it isn't a real game unless you bet. I prefer gambling for clothes."

She giggled. "I had something even more, uh, titillating in mind."

The glass lowered as the limo slowed down.

"James, park it in the garage, will you?"

We pulled into a darkened Hollywood Hills driveway that led to your standard-issue grandiose palace with acres of lawn and the requisite pillars.

She led me through the kitchen into the living room, then pointed to a couch and beckoned me to sit. As I did, she refilled my glass and moved to a doorway, covering herself in deep shadows.

James vanished upstairs.

"I have a favor to ask," she started. "I have what my boyfriend calls a fetish. He thinks I'm kinda nuts, but what the heck, he likes Beer Nuts for breakfast. I like something a bit different."

She paused. I listened quietly, trying not to look too stunned. I was getting the idea that this was no ordinary one-night-stand. For one, the house. For another, her candor. Finally, I was starting to remember why she looked familiar.

She turned away. Embarrassed? "I don't do this too often. Most guys couldn't handle it. But you... you seem to be the kind of calm, rational man who knows how to keep his cool. I like that. I also like what I see under your shirt."

Well, thank you, uh, Lucille. I raised my eyebrows to prove I was still conscious, but kept silent.

"Anyway, here's the deal. Have you ever played Cowboys and Indians?"

Huh? "Sure, I guess. When I was a kid."

"Did the winners get to tie up the losers?"

"I think so... yeah, they'd get tied to the anthill or something."

"Good..." She took a breath. "I still like playing tie-up. But my boyfriend thinks it's dumb. So I was wondering... would you like to tie me up tonight?"

I stared at her like a deer caught in headlights. Who me? OK, where's the "Totally Hidden Video" camera crew? This was getting to be much too much, too soon.

"I know it sounds crazy, and we just met tonight, but I'm serious. My favorite fantasy is pretending to be captured by a complete stranger, bound and gagged. And you're the lucky master tonight."

The idea had merit, I decided as I watched her stretch elegantly against the door frame. "But I've never... I mean, I'm not really that..."

"What's the matter? Don'tcha like a little hanky-panky every once in a while?"

Her boyfriend's right. She is nuts. But I like that in a woman. "Let's do it to it."

She laughed. "That's the spirit. Okay, I'm going to get ready. While you wait, you may want to take a look at some of the magazines in the cabinet under the coffee table. Inspiration, then perspiration. Seeya." She blew me a kiss and ran up the stairs.

This was definitely a night for the record books.

I grabbed the first magazine on the stack, and found myself staring at a beautiful brunette strapped to a chair with enough rope to handle a rodeo.

Flipping the pages, I started thinking what was waiting upstairs. While half of me said this was an elaborate practical joke, the other half was concocting erotic scenarios involving the luscious Lucille and her half-mad fantasies.

I wondered what had happened to my friend at Hari Scari, then chuckled when I pictured him alone in his apartment, praying there was something decent on cable.

After 15 minutes or so, she called out from upstairs. "I'm almost ready. But first, I want you to change into something more appropriate. You'll find your costume in the bathroom at the top of the stairs." More giggles.

This just keeps getting sillier, I thought as I strode up the stairs. Now what, beads and feathers?

When I opened the door to the bathroom, I couldn't help whistling in appreciation.

Hanging on the shower curtain rod was a pair of intimidating black leather pants and matching tank top. On the floor stood a pair of well-heeled boots.

A note was taped to the mirror: "You can do anything you want," it read, "but remember, pain is only pleasurable in very small doses. Also, my boyfriend will be watching in the next room, so don't try anything funny. L."

I was a little surprised by the last sentence, but then I figured it was better to be seen than sorry. Was "James" actually her boyfriend? Well, if it didn't bother them, I wasn't going to let it bother me.

As I squeezed into my biker togs, I couldn't help feeling more than a little nervous, and horribly horny besides. What was I getting myself into, both figuratively and literally?

When I was dressed, I checked the results in a full-length mirror. I'm not exactly vain, but I did look good. All those nights at the gym finally paid off.

"Off to the races," I said to my reflection.

I poked by head into the hall and saw a partially-open door at the opposite end, a faint, flickering light beckoning to me.

I started down the corridor, half expecting to hear her laugh. A shadow danced across the wall from the open door.

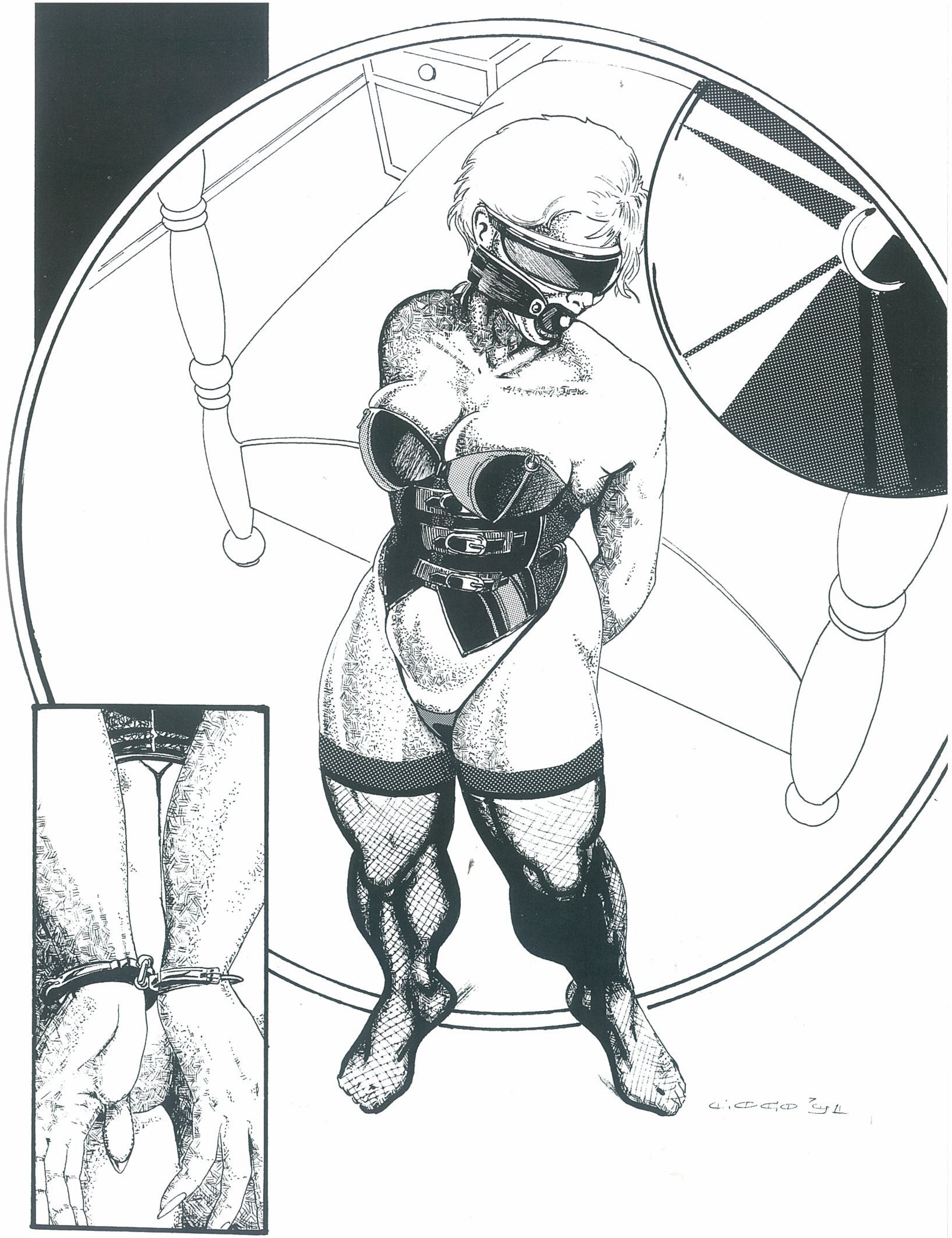
I knocked, then peered around to see what fate awaited me.

She was standing in the middle of the room. To one side was a queen-sized bed surrounded by four sturdy posts holding an empty canopy frame. Behind her was a heavy oak chair.

One wall was covered with coils of rope, leather straps and various accessories. Long white candles burned in ornate enclosures hung on the other walls.

I slowly closed the door as I studied my evening's partner.

She was dressed in matching black leather, a miniskirt hugging her ample lower torso and a wicked-looking corset covered with zippers and straps holding tight to her chest and stomach. She wore



fishnet stockings under thigh-high black boots with outrageous stiletto heels.

In all, quite a stunning package.

Of course, the effect was definitely heightened by the handcuffs holding her wrists securely behind her back.

"I'm yours," she cooed. "Your very own Mohican princess to do with as you please."

I had no idea what to do next.

"You'll have to forgive my naivete. Am I supposed to whip you now? Force you to have sex? And where's this chauffeur anyway?" Not an auspicious kickoff.

She started talking before I could finish my speech. "No whips, just spanking. I'll let you know if I want sex. And James is probably asleep in the next room. Look, this isn't supposed to be complicated. Check out the stuff on the wall. Use your imagination."

Okay. Imagination.

I moved to the wall and started examining the various restraints hanging there. I unhooked a long leather strap and held it around my waist like a belt. Giggles again.

"Why don'tcha strap me to the chair?" she purred.

Why not indeed. Showtime.

I grabbed all the straps I saw and gave her what I presumed was a lecherous grin. She fluttered her long eyelashes and sauntered over to the chair, perching herself daintily on its seat.

"The key to the handcuffs is around my neck."

I took that to be the starting gun. I reached between her heaving cleavage and lifted the chain around her neck.

After removing the cuffs, I placed her wrists on the arms of the chair and started wrapping.

"Make sure they're tight," she whispered hoarsely.

Right. Must be authentic.

I finished her wrists, then secured her ankles to the legs of the chair. She moaned softly.

"More."

"More what?"

She gestured at the pile of straps. Oh.

I took a step back and thought of the first picture I had seen downstairs. The woman's body had been practically invisible under the cords.

Smiling, I picked up a long strap and circled it around the middle of her left thigh. Pulling the slack, I ran the strap under the chair and around her right thigh, then back under.

I repeated the procedure on her arms, pinning her to the back of the chair. I used the last long strap around her waist, and wonderedwhat I should do next.

The answer came quickly. "Good," she said, possibly to herself. "There's lots more toys to play with."

"So there are," I muttered, feeling a bit overwhelmed.

I strolled over to the wall and randomly selected a short leather strap with a bright red ball in the middle. I twirled it in my hands, trying not to look like a complete amateur.

I decided it must be for her mouth.

"There's a blindfold over to the left. Put them on me, then get the box under the bed, open it, and... how did you put it? *Do it to it.*" She closed her eyes expectantly.

"How in the world did I get here?" I almost said aloud. I was about to stuff a ball into the alluring mouth of a gorgeous female who I'd tied to a chair per her instructions.

Who's the boss here anyway?

I found the blindfold and decided it was time to stop stalling and start getting into the spirit of the moment.

"I think I've heard just about enough from you for now."

She looked up with a smile, opened her mouth and closed her eyes again.

The blindfold and the gag soon decorated her head.

She began breathing hard, her limbs tense and her fingers curled around the corners of the chair. I admired her for a minute, and remembered the box under the bed.

Interesting. Some feathers. A bottle of oil. And about eight inches of black plastic that looks just like... got it. A vibrator.

I looked back at Lucille and decided she might like a little tender loving tickling. I twisted the bottom of the prod and a low humming filled the silence of the surreal boudoir.

She squirmed against her restraints, but having been applied according to her specifications, the straps held her firmly to the chair.

Quiet as a cat, I moved behind her and caressed her neck with the vibrator. Her head snapped back and then rolled sideways as I softly rubbed her shoulders and her upper arms.

I reached around and made lazy circles with the tip on her stomach. She groaned with pleasure behind her gag, and tried to arch her back, thrusting her breasts forward in hopes of receiving the same ministrations that were turning her tummy into jelly.

"Hmmm. Not so fast." I eyed the gleaming zippers covering her ample bosom. "Let's see what you're hiding behind your pretty armor."

I set the vibrator on the floor, but a better idea sprang to mind.

"Mustn't waste electricity," I said as I worked the buzzing machine between her legs so she was sitting on it.

Her entire body began to quiver as I carefully pulled down the zipper holding her right breast behind the leather skin.

Most impressive, I thought, as I gently kneaded under, over and around. I took her nipple between by thumb and forefinger and tugged it forward, exposing the rest of her gleaming-white globe against the black folds of the corset.

Her left breast was given the same treatment, only I slowed to a hallucinogenic pace to prolong the sensation for both of us.

I found myself hypnotized by the effects of make-believe domination, fading in and out while I lightly stroked and flicked her nipples.

Faint, high-pitched squeals from behind the gag accompanied my every motion.

I got it! *Do it to it.*

I knelt down, retrieved the vibrator from under her twitching bottom, and began to run it up and down her upper legs above the tops of her fishnets. Every once in a while, I would brush it against her crotch, causing galvanic tremors and groans.

I pushed her miniskirt up to her waist, exposing a leather triangle and two tiny straps trailing off around her hips.

A thin film of sweat gave her limbs a sheen that made her look like she was made of marble.

I inched the vibrator closer to the intersection of her thighs, sketching erotic designs across the tense skin surrounding her pulsing folds.

Finally, I started concentrating my efforts on the lower corner of the triangle, pressing the vibrator harder and harder against the leather. She bucked in the chair as I increased the speed of my strokes, straining to cry out behind the ball filling her mouth.

Sensing imminent meltdown, I began running the vibrator up and down her erect nipples. A low sigh signalled her disappointment with my new direction.

"Are you always in such a rush?"

More squirming.

"Well, I think I need a little break."

I reached down and pulled up the top of her G-string. "But don't worry, you won't miss me."

I slid the vibrator over her blonde mound and lodged it deeply into her folds.

She began panting as I casually twisted the speed control to its overdrive position.

"See you in a sec," I said as I opened the door, closed it, and stood by the door watching.

I was breathing almost as hard as she was, my manhood straining against the sleek black skin of my pants.

I resisted the urge to prowl around the room, peek into a few drawers and try to determine the true identity of my new lady love. Her boyfriend probably wouldn't like the idea.

Besides, things were plenty interesting as it was. Judging from the torrid shakes and quakes coming from the chair, my voluntary subject was deep in an orgasmic state of bliss.

Her boyfriend must be a real moron, I thought as I watched her rock in throes of ecstacy. I could definitely learn to enjoy this.

Then again, I realized, maybe he is, too.

After a few minutes, I walked over to my bound beauty, plucked the vibrator from her crotch and let her cool down while I looked for more goodies on the wall. While I was downstairs, I had taken another glance at the bondage magazine, and decided that she might look ravishing spread-eagled to the bedposts.

I found some thick leather cuffs lined with padding, and figured some rope would work better then the straps now binding my pretty prisoner.

I started unbuckling Lucille from the chair, making sure to put her wrists back into the discarded handcuffs.

The ball gag and blindfold continued to block her sense of sight and speech.

When her legs were free, I slowly pulled off her boots and helped her stand up. She swayed seductively as my hands covered her body, unsnapping and unzipping and unveiling her plush features as her corset, stockings and finally her g-string fell to the floor.

She shivered in her total exposure, her manacled hands following mine across her torso and between her legs.

I led her to the bed, and lay her down on the satin sheets.

She stretched like a giant cat, then settled in and put her arms over her head.

She's done this before, I said to myself.

I wrapped the cuffs around her wrists and ankles, then started tying them to the four posts at the ends of the bed. Careful not to stretch her too tightly, I knotted the strands with a flourish and reached down to find the feathers in the box.

"Ever been tickled into an orgasm?" I whispered into her ear, receiving a satisfactory wiggle in response.

"First, we have to find the best places," I said as I moved to the front of the bed, her bare feet twisting and turning in their current state of confinement.

"We'll work our way up, shall we?" I asked as I lightly brushed her soles with the tip of the feathers.

Had she not been tied down, the resulting jolt would have snapped the slats under the mattress.

"I see we're a little sensitive there. Good." I grinned. "Now let's check your knees."

More spasms.

"Gee, you're pretty ticklish. I'll bet the rest of you is equally excitable. Let's find out."

For the next half-hour or so, the feathers teased and tormented her feet, knees, inner thighs, stomach, breasts, underarms and pubic hairs.

As she writhed in delicious agony, I began to take pity on her flaming nerve endings.

"You seem a little warm," I grinned. "Time to cool down."

I picked up my now-empty drink, pulled out a melting ice cube, and began to massage her breasts with it.

Her body went rigid as the freezing drops reacted with the beads of sweat and rolled down her side.

Muffled words came out from behind the rubber ball separating her teeth.

Curious, I reached under her head and unstrapped the gag.

"Spank me, then make love to me," she said in a husky voice that barely oozed from her lips. She opened her mouth wide, obviously in anticipation of the ball.

I replaced the rubber ball between her teeth, then set about to accomplish her latest mission.

I untied her ankles from the posts, then lashed them together with the slack. I used more rope above and below her knees and around her thighs just beneath her curvaceous bottom

I looped a strand between her feet, then stood up on the bed and attached the slack to the canopy frame directly overhead.

Her shapely legs were squeezed together and stretched up straight overhead, her body a perfect L. Her exposed cheeks stuck out enticingly, but first I figured some more feather dusting was in order.

When I was satisfied she was ready, I cocked my arm and swatted her bottom with a gentle spank.

This is it, I heard myself think. The high point of your sex life. Better make it last.

So I alternated my strokes with more tickling and even a few licks with my tongue up and down her legs. I thought 50 was a nice round number to match her nice rounds.

I could sense she was seconds away from another brain-boiling orgasm, so I gave her a final slap and ran out of the room.

I found what I needed in the bathroom, quickly returned and let her legs down from the frame.

I shed my pants in a flash, put on the condom, pushed her legs back, and entered her.

Her cries of pleasure were only partially muffled by the gag. I felt her shudder violently as all her pent-up anticipation virtually exploded in her Fourth-of-July climax. Seconds later, I joined her.

We both lay on the bed for several moments, the silence punctuated only by our deep gasps.

After recovering, I languidly toyed with the bonds, slowly releasing her while kissing her from head to toes. When I removed the gag and blindfold, she reached around and gave me a hug that felt like a wrestling hold.

"That was perfect," she fluttered.

We snuggled for a minute, then she rolled onto one side, propped her head up on her hand and smiled.

"Look, I'd love you to make me breakfast tomorrow morning, but my boyfriend may disapprove. Once you've changed, knock on the next door and tell him you're ready to go home. He'll drop you off anywhere you want."

I must have looked profoundly uncomfortable with that concept.

"Don't worry, my big strong invader. He probably enjoyed our little show as much as we did."

I felt my overwhelming sense of lust diminish to a pleasant throb.

"Well, it was... great," I said shakily. "Actually, it was unbelievable. I'll spare you a lot of When-can-I-see-you-again? questions, since I'm pretty sure I can't, or won't."

"Darn. I like to hear men beg. Besides, don't be such a pessimist. Come to Hari Scari next week. Better yet, I'll have James pick you up. At the club, don't let on that you know me... in fact, ignore me. I'll let you know what I want to do."

"Sounds... great. No, more than great. Sounds positively wonderful." I felt a huge grin break over my face.

"Mum's the word."

"Your secret is safe with me, dear lady." I rose to leave. "Well, *Thank You* doesn't quite cover it, but neither does *You're Welcome.* See you in the movies."

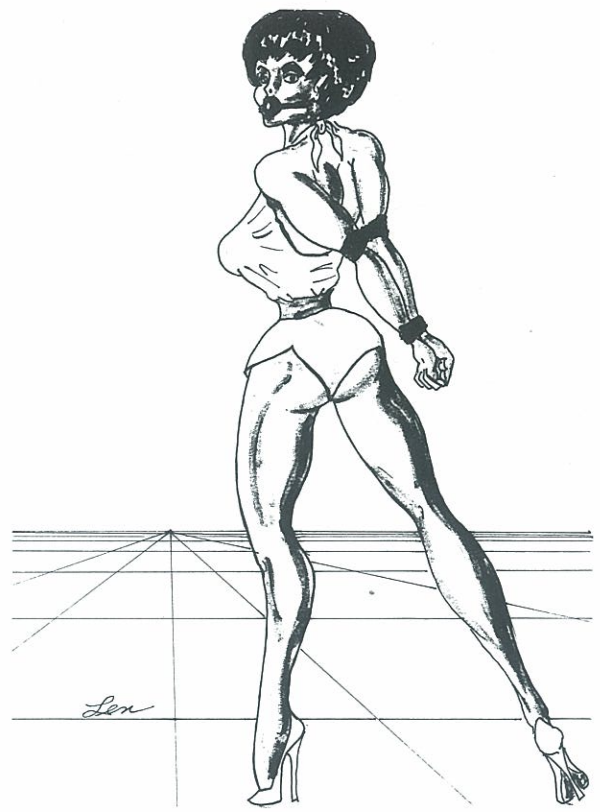
"That's the idea," she laughed. ■

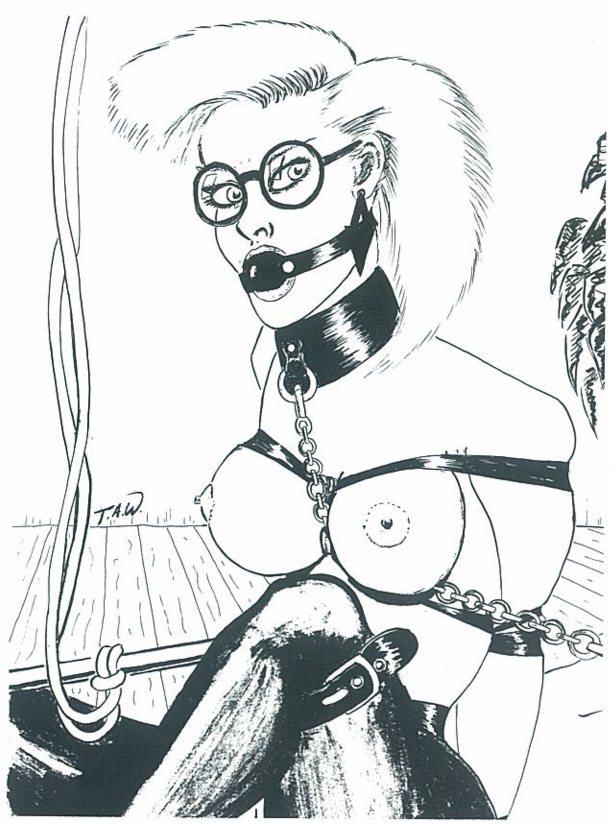
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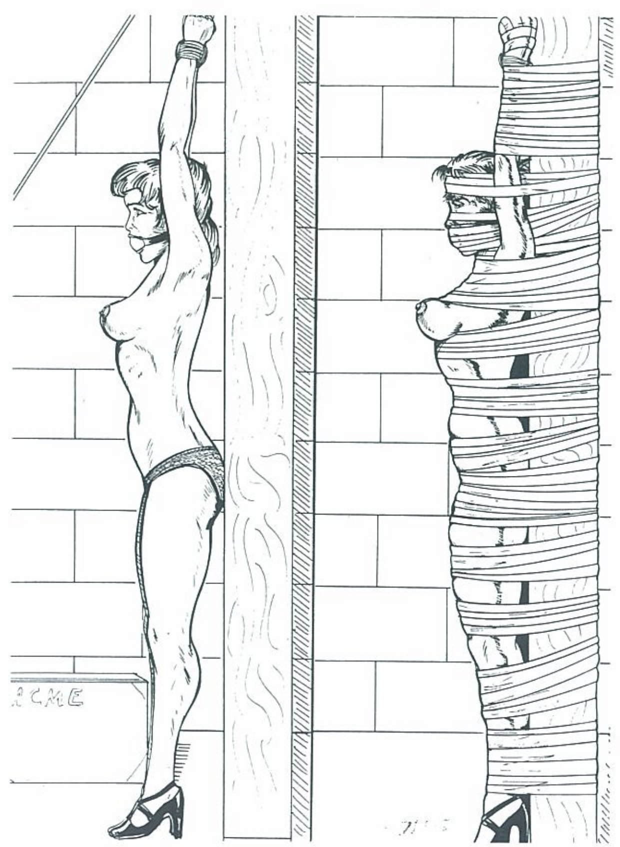
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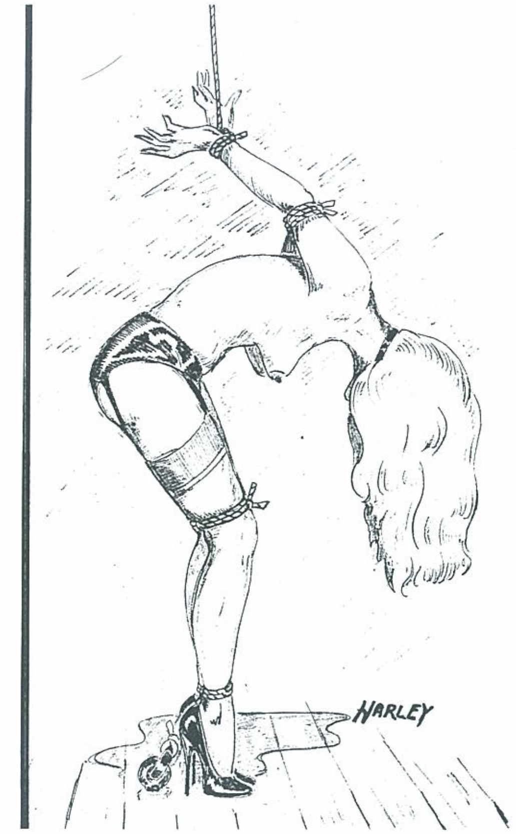
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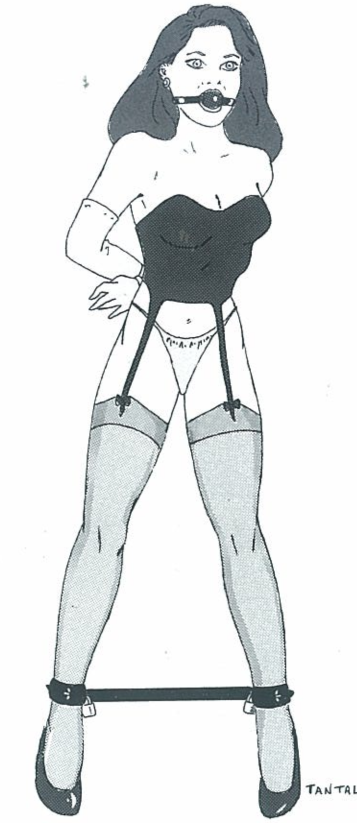




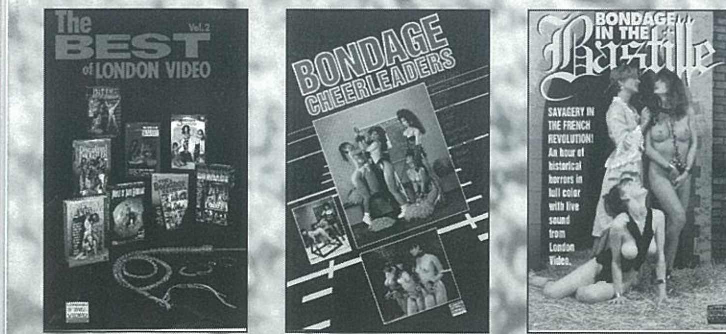












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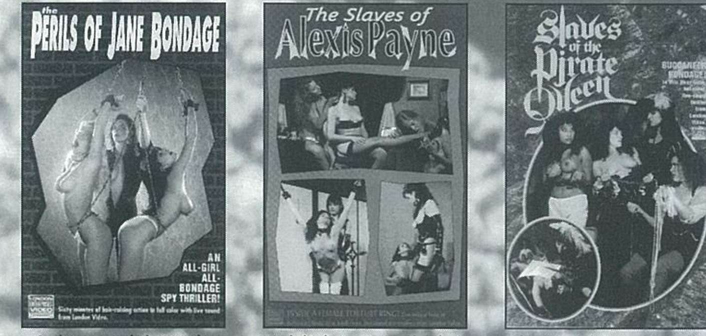
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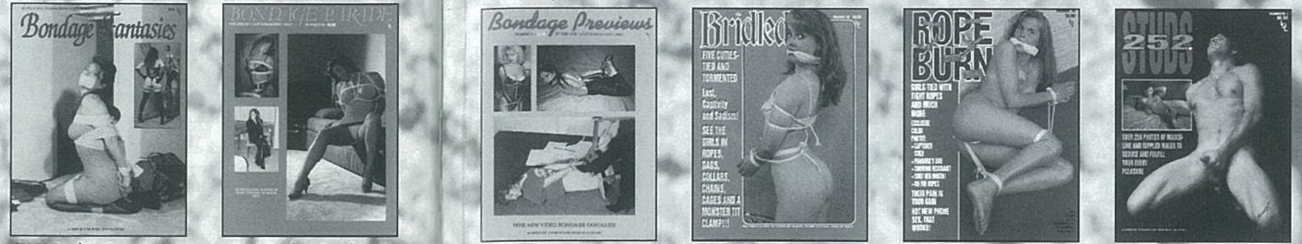
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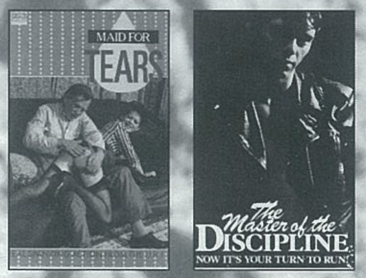
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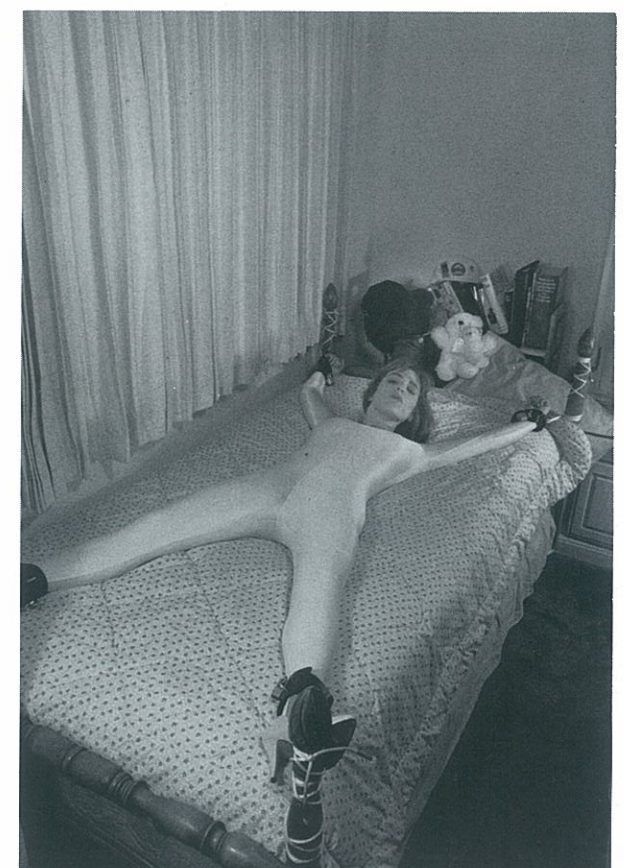
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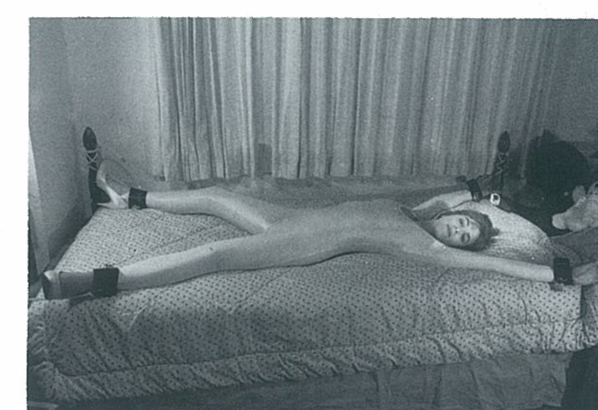
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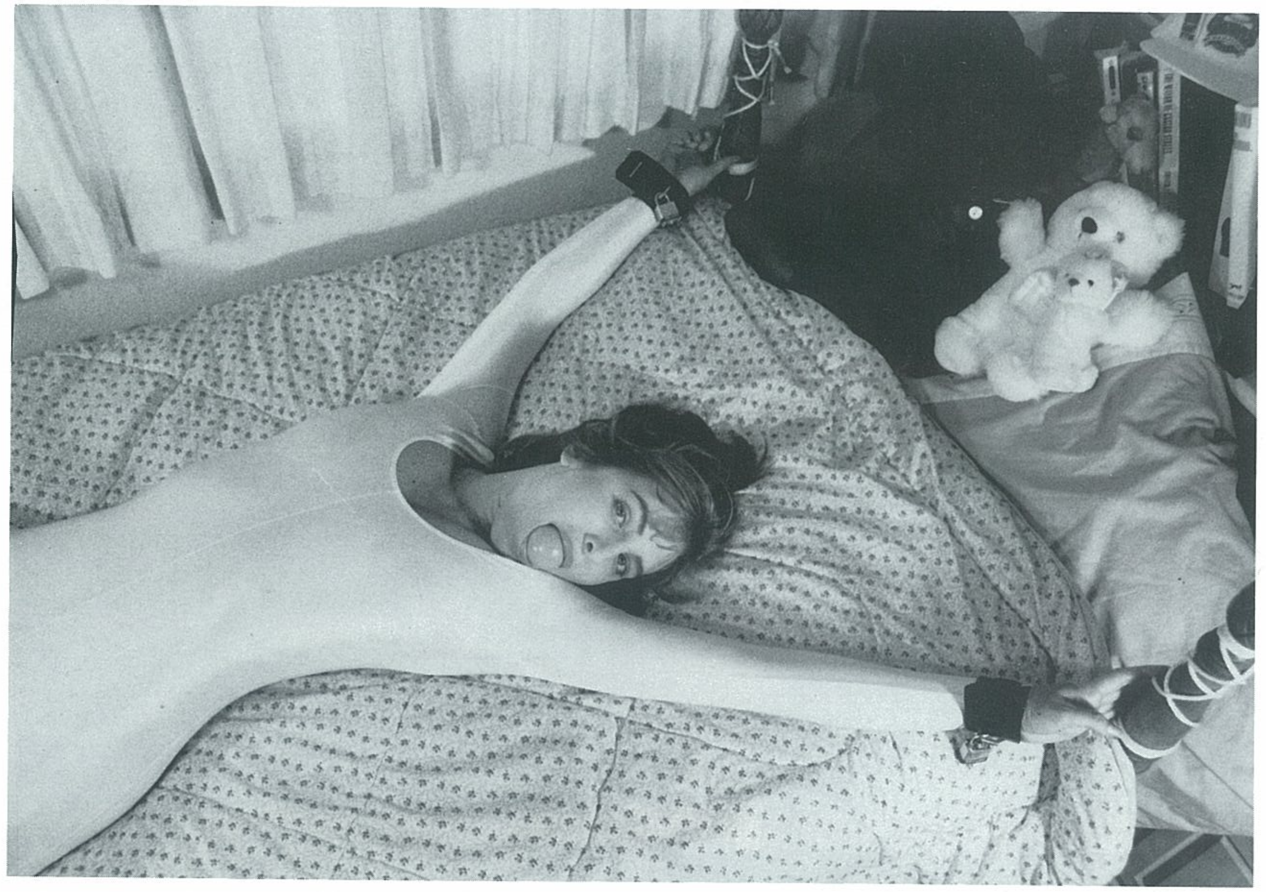


April Collins





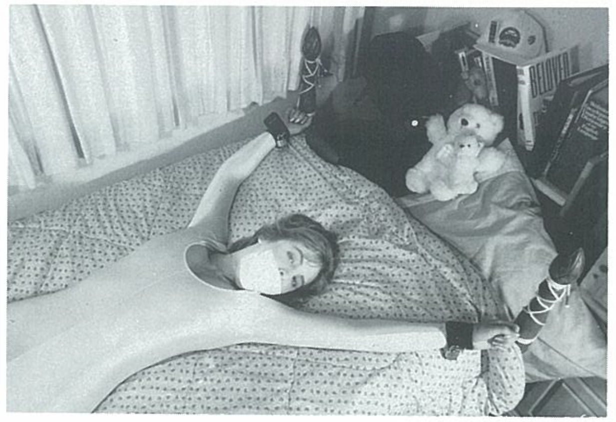
HAVE A BALL –
A Round, Red Ball!

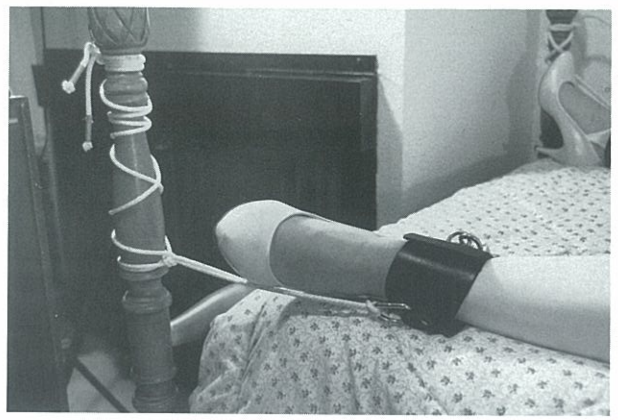


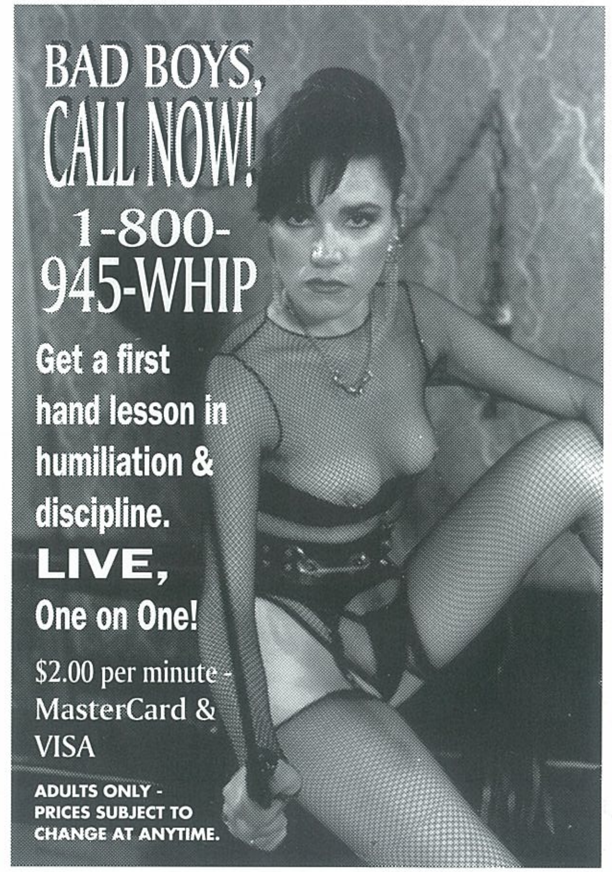






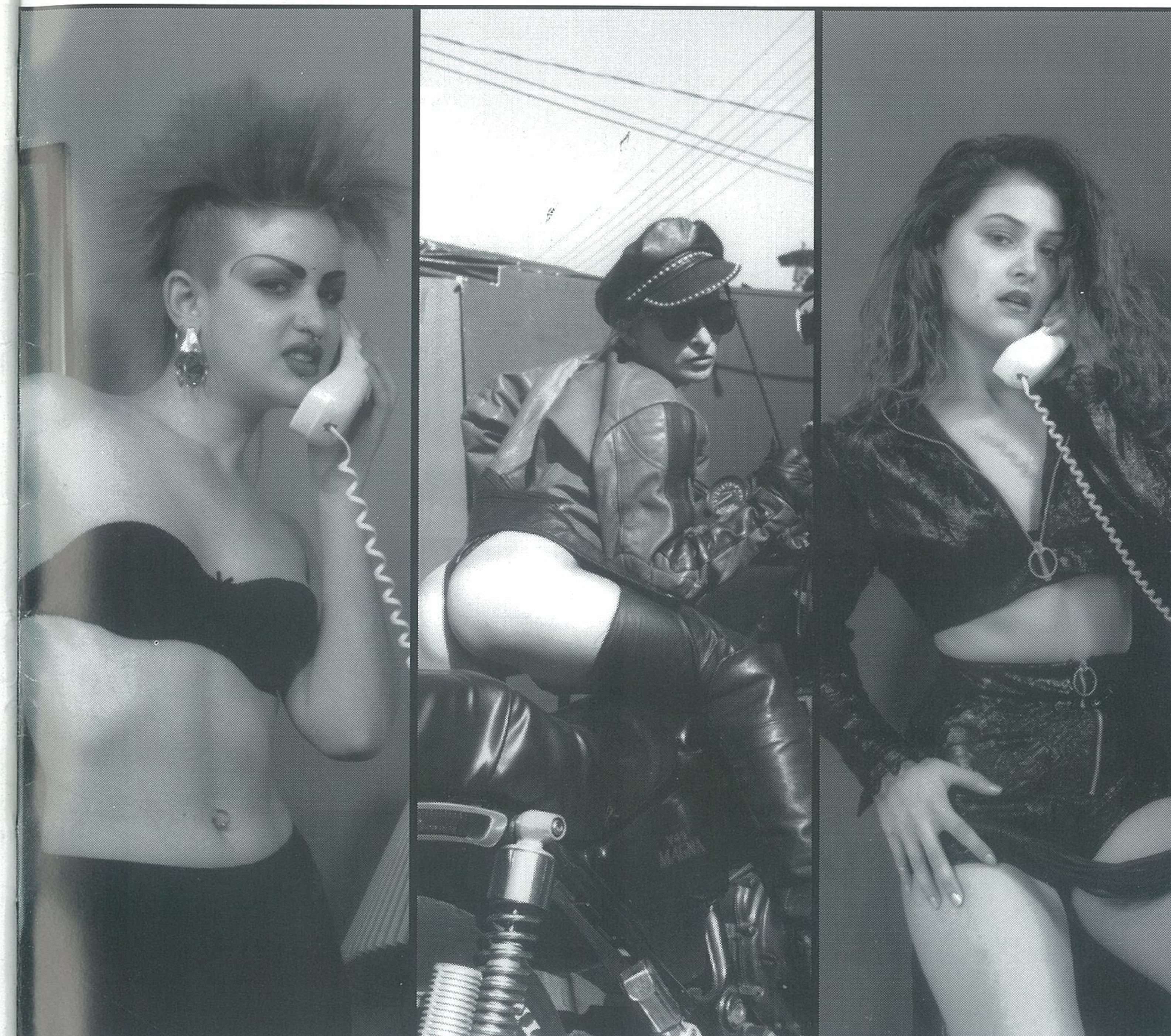








Photos by Michael Keye.



OVE BONDAGE
AND BALLGAGS!

